

THE CRITIC.

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JUNE, 1863.

Price 6d.; stamped 7d.

THE Advertiser is desirous of MEETING with a GENTLEMAN of LITERARY ACQUIREMENTS to JOIN HIM in an established CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL, clearing a handsome income, and capable, by the addition of a little capital, of great improvement. The fullest investigation courted.
Address "ALPHA," care of Mr. G. Street, Advertising-offices, 30, Cornhill, London.

THE WORCESTER SOCIETY of ARTS. NINTH EXHIBITION.—AUGUST, 1863.

WORKS of ART intended for this Exhibition must be addressed to the SECRETARY, and delivered at the Society's Rooms, Pierpoint-street, Worcester, or to Mr. JOSEPH GREEN, of 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, London, ON or BEFORE the EIGHTH of AUGUST NEXT.

Further particulars, and a Copy of the Notice to Artists may be obtained on application to
49, Britannia-square, Worcester, May 28, 1863.

SIX PER CENT. DEBENTURES.—The Directors of the BRIGHTON HOTEL COMPANY (Limited) are now prepared to issue DEBENTURES, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, in sums of 50*l.* and upwards, determinable in 3, 5, or 7 years, at the option of the holder. Application to be made at the offices of the Company, 36, Cannon-street.—By order of the Board,
H. A. LINFORD, Secretary.

COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS, &c.

ESHER, SURREY.—The SONS of GENTLEMEN EDUCATED for ETON, HARROW, and the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, the ARMY, CIVIL SERVICE, and INDIA, by the Rev. CHARLES CLARKE, &c. &c.; from eight years old and upwards. Terms according to age and requirements.

EDUCATION.—PRIVATE PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS of GENTLEMEN only, between the ages of six and thirteen. The design of the Establishment is to thoroughly ground pupils for the Public Schools, &c. There is a VACANCY for a pupil, who would be received at 25 guineas (usual terms 50*l.*). Situation very healthy; two hours from London by rail. Has a good playground and garden. Each boy has a separate box. Corporal punishment in no case resorted to. References to clergymen and medical men.

For prospectus, address the PRINCIPAL, Hurstbourne House, Whitechurch, Hants.

N.B. A School for the Daughters of Gentlemen (boarders only), under the age of thirteen—in connection with this establishment—is conducted by Mrs. SCOTT, aided by lady teachers. Apply by letter to Hurstbourne House.

A MARRIED and BENEFICED CLERGYMAN, M.A. of Cambridge residing in Cheshire—whose son in 1861 was first in the examination for the Uppingham Scholarship (value 70*l.* a year for five years), and whose second son in the present year was next to the last winner for same prize—receives THREE or FOUR YOUNG PUPILS to PREPARE for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The Uppingham Scholarships are open, and the Advertiser's sons, the only boys he has sent up for examination, were almost entirely educated at home. References to the Head Master of Uppingham, &c. &c.

For further particulars apply by letter to "C. M. A." (No. 543), Field Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

ITALIAN.—A Native, of College Education, GIVES LESSONS in his Language at pupils' residences. Terms moderate. Highest references.
Address, by letter, "F. A.," 51, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

TUTOR.—An Undergraduate of Cambridge DESIRES an ENGAGEMENT as PRIVATE TUTOR during the Long Vacation.
Address, stating requirements, &c. to "ALPHA," care of Mr. A. Cummings, Loughdon, Essex.

GOVERNESS.—WANTED in the INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD, as MISTRESS of the SENIOR GIRLS' SCHOOL, a LADY of liberal education and experience in tuition. Candidates must furnish the most satisfactory proofs of their ability to educate children for governesses, or other respectable positions. Efficiency in music and French indispensable. Salary to commence at 60*l.* per annum, with board, lodging, washing, and medical attendance. All applications must be made in the handwriting of the candidate, must state the writers' age, and past experience, and be accompanied with testimonials or references.
Address the SECRETARY, No. 100, Fleet-street, E.C., from whom further particulars can be obtained on personal application.

WOOD-ENGRAVING.—Mr. GILKS respectfully announces to Publishers, Authors, Inventors, Manufacturers, &c., that he has increased facilities for executing every branch of the Art, in the best style, and at moderate charges.
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HOUSEKEEPER.—A respectable, well-educated person, wishes for a SITUATION as HOUSEKEEPER to a single gentleman or widower. Has no objection to take the charge of children. Terms moderate. The highest references.
Address "A. M.," care of Mr. Purvis, Baker, High-street, Kensington.

A RESPECTABLE PERSON (who can be well recommended) desires a SITUATION, where she could assist a lady in HOUSEKEEPING, and make herself generally useful. Is a good needlewoman, and is competent to take the entire charge of an establishment during the temporary absence of the mistress. Country preferred, and no objection to travel.
Address "A. B.," Queen Office, 346, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, a SITUATION as HOUSE-KEEPER, to a single gentleman or widower, or as HOUSE and WARDROBE-KEEPER in a school or house of business, or as ATTENDANT and USEFUL COMPANION to an elderly or invalid lady, where experience and integrity are required. No objection to travel. Country preferred. Age between 40 and 50. Member of the Church of England.
Letters to "R. Q.," Lady's Newspaper Office, 346, Strand, W.C.

THE EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY.

APPOINTMENTS OFFERED.

FULL particulars of the following Appointments Offered are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Critic Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.
Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for the reply.

FRENCH MASTER wanted immediately. A young French gentleman to teach in a small school. The highest moral character, gentlemanly manners and appearance are indispensable. Applicants to inclose copies of testimonials. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6440, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

FRENCH TEACHER. A gentleman residing at Bayswater wishes for instruction in the French language, at his own house, and from a French gentleman. Terms to be moderate. Hours three to four three days a week. Applicants to state terms, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6442, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A GENTLEMAN wanted to lecture in London on a Scriptural subject. The lecture will be provided. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6444, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

MASTERSHIP of a free grammar school in Worcestershire. The course of instruction comprises a thorough English education with classics and mathematics. The master will be at liberty to take twelve boarders. The income is about 150*l.* per annum with a dwelling house and large garden. Must be a graduate of an English University, and a clergyman would be preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6446, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A MASTER for the lower forms of a Yorkshire grammar school, to undertake writing, arithmetic, English, rudiments of Latin and Greek; other acquirements may be useful. He will have partial charge of boarders out of school, will board with the family, but sleep out. Testimonials (copies) as to character and principles, and good references required. Applicants to state terms, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6448, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

THE PROFESSORSHIP of German Language and Literature in a London college will shortly be VACANT. Applications from gentlemen desirous of offering themselves for the appointment, can be sent in at once. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6450, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A N ASSISTANT MASTER wanted in a commercial or grammar school. Competent to instruct junior classes in English, arithmetic, Euclid, &c., and elementary Greek and Latin. Good knowledge of music. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6452, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A JUNIOR MASTER wanted after midsummer in a private classical school in the country. He must give satisfactory testimonials of character, and of his qualifications as a teacher of writing, English grammar, geography, English history, and the rudiments of Latin. Salary 30*l.* with board and lodging. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6454, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A YOUTH is required to ASSIST in a boys' school, west of Hyde Park, for about six or seven hours daily. A gentleman who has taken a College of Preceptors' certificate, would perhaps be preferred. Applicants to state salary required, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6456, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS WANTED, a German lady preferred, and one who has a knowledge of the English language. A good pianist, and able to command the pupils in a large school. A comfortable home, with a moderate salary only, offered. Locality Devonshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6458, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS. Wanted, in a clergyman's family, one who has received a thoroughly good English education, and is well able to teach French, music, and drawing. Salary 60*l.* Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6460, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A GOVERNESS of some experience is required for a school competent to impart a thorough knowledge of English and French, and have command and authority over her pupils. Must be a member of the Church of England. Applicants to state terms, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6462, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A GOVERNESS during the holidays, commencing in June. A lady wishes for assistance in the care of three daughters and three young sons. Very little teaching required, but sense, principle, and general usefulness. Applicants to state age, and to give references, which must be good. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6464, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A LADY required in a gentleman's family residing in the country, to give a solid English education, with good music, French, drawing (and a knowledge of Latin desirable) to three children, ages from 8 to 4 years. She will be expected to take charge of, and walk out with them. Age not to exceed 25. Salary 25*l.* None but a lady need apply. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6466, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADY is wanted in a farm house, to educate and take charge of four young children. She must be a good needlewoman, and willing to make herself useful. She will be treated as one of the family. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6468, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A THOROUGHLY EDUCATED LADY as GOVERNESS wanted in a gentleman's family in Cheshire. Must be a member of the Church of England. Applicants to state full particulars. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6470, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED shortly, in a tradesman's family, a truly godly GOVERNESS, not under 24 years of age, to educate three children of the ages of 5, 7, and 11 years. She must be conscientious, a strict disciplinarian, able to teach English, French, and music thoroughly, and would have the superintendence of her pupils' wardrobes. A member of the Evangelical Church of England preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6472, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, in a morning school in the City, daily from nine to three, a young lady who can superintend the practice of music, and assist generally with a class of junior pupils. First-rate music lessons from a master, also instruction from either an English or French master are offered in exchange. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6474, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

NURSERY GOVERNESS. Wanted a young lady of prepossessing and genteel appearance, from 15 to 25 years of age, to instruct two young children. She would have a comfortable home and be treated as one of the family, and in return for her services would be taught a genteel and profitable business, and after a time receive a salary. Music indispensable. An orphan preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6476, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED.

Full particulars of the following Appointments Wanted are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Critic Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.
Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for reply.

CLASSICAL MASTERSHIP in a school by a graduate of Cambridge in classical honours (standing first in third class). Has had considerable experience in tuition, and at present holds a second classical mastership in a grammar school. Salary not under 50*l.* with board and lodging. If non-resident 150*l.* Age 25. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,267, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A NOXFORD UNDERGRADUATE

wishes to take a TUTORSHIP for the long vacation. Has had previous experience and can give excellent testimonials. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,269, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A S PRIVATE TUTOR in or near London, for three or four hours in the morning three times a week, by a gentleman who is fully competent to teach the French and Italian languages and literature, moderate German and Spanish, the classics, arithmetic, elementary mathematics, and the usual branches of an English education as taught in the public school. Salary from 40*l.* to 50*l.* Age 37. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,271, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

REQUIRED immediately, a situation as PRIVATE TUTOR in a gentleman's family, by a clergyman's son. Stipend 40*l.* per annum with board and lodging. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,273, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

SCHOLASTIC.—A gentleman (23) of four and a-half years' experience, three years in present post, desires a RE-ENGAGEMENT. Qualifications junior Latin, Greek, French, mathematics, writing and arithmetic. Salary fifty guineas with board and residence. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,275, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

NO SALARY.—MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS. A mathematical master is desirous of entering a family in the country for the vacation where his services would be given for four hours daily, in return for a comfortable home and travelling expenses. Good testimonials and references can be given. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,277, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A S TUTOR for boys under 12 years of age, by the son of a clergyman. Can teach Latin, Greek, and junior mathematics. Stipend not a primary object. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,279, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

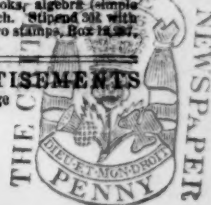
A S TUTOR to one, two, or three boys, during the Long Vacation, by the son of a clergyman, and a member of Oxford University. Is competent to undertake Greek, Latin, arithmetic, algebra, elementary French, history, geography, &c. Can give excellent testimonials and references. Salary, if in the house, 5*l.* a month; if out, 8*l.* Would prefer lodging in a country village, in which case salary to be for one pupil, 5*l.*; for two, 7*l.*; for three, 8*l.* per month. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,281, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A S TUTOR to one or two sons of a nobleman or gentleman, by a Cambridge graduate (29th Wrangler in the mathematical tripos). Has resided nearly two years on the Continent, chiefly in Germany, can speak and teach German; possesses a fair knowledge of French and a good knowledge of drawing. The best of references can be given both as to ability and general fitness. Remuneration desired, board and residence, or if travelling, expenses paid, and in both cases from 150*l.* to 180*l.* per annum. Age 24. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,283, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A S JUNIOR ASSISTANT MASTER, experience two years. English thorough, algebra, simple equations, first and second books Euclid; Latin, Smith's Principia, Arnold's Henry's First Latin Book; and Junior French. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,285, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A S JUNIOR ASSISTANT MASTER in a grammar or respectable boarding-school. Age 21. Is competent to teach all the branches of a sound English education: Euclid first and second books, algebra (simple equations), with junior Latin and French. Stipend 30*l.* with board and lodging. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,287, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

REGISTRY ADVERTISEMENTS
continued on next page



UN JEUNE ANGLAIS, bien élevé, âgé de vingt ans, désire enseigner sa langue dans une famille française. Il peut s'occuper de français, de renseignements. S'adresser à Box 12,389, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a school on the Continent, or in a family about to travel, or residing on the Continent, by a young lady who is competent to teach English thoroughly, French, music, drawing, and the rudiments of German. Salary from 40*l.* to 50*l.* if in a family, less if in a school. Has held two previous appointments, one of them in a clergyman's family. References to both. Age 30. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,391, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a private Christian family (in or near London preferred), by a young lady who is able to teach English, French, music, drawing, and Latin grammar if required. Has had three years' experience in tuition, and can give unexceptionable references. Salary from 40*l.* to 50*l.* Age 22. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,392, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS to young children, by a lady, 30 years of age, and competent to teach English, the rudiments of French, music, &c. Is also competent to fill the situation of organist, if required. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,393, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS PUPIL, or JUNIOR TEACHER in a school, on the Continent or in England, by a young lady who can teach English, French, drawing, and music. In return she desires to receive lessons from masters in accomplishments. Has been a governess pupil for fifteen months. A most satisfactory reference to the situation referred to can be given. Age 17. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,397, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS COMPANION to a young or middle-aged lady. Advertiser has a knowledge of music, is considered a good reader, and has always been accustomed to good society. She has never yet held any appointment. Can give unexceptionable references. Salary desired 20*l.* Age 25. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,399, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a family or school, by a lady of much experience in tuition, having finished the education of several young ladies. Is competent to teach French and Italian (acquired abroad), thorough English, drawing in various styles, and music to advanced pupils. Advertiser is 35 years of age, and a widow. Salary required, if in a family, 50*l.*; if in a school, 30*l.*, with board and education for a child. In both cases laundry and travelling expenses. Is at present residing in the suburbs of London. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,391, 10, Wellington-street, W.C.

AS DAILY GOVERNESS in London, if near Russell-square will be preferred. Advertiser is 25 years of age, and is competent to teach English, French, music, and the elements of singing and drawing. Has been engaged in teaching for two years. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,399, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AN ENGAGEMENT in a family for the summer holidays (Scotland or the North of England preferred) is sought by a German lady, who at present holds a situation as governess in a Brighton school. Can teach German (Hanoverian), French, and the rudiments of music. Remuneration required, one guinea a week, but a pleasant and comfortable home is the chief object in view. Age 36. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,393, 10, Wellington-street, W.C.

AS FINISHING RESIDENT GOVERNESS, by a lady possessed of excellent references and testimonials as to thorough knowledge of music, both scientifically and practically, of English, of French, conversational and grammatical, also as to competency to teach well, singing, Italian, Latin, and drawing. She plays on the organ and harmonium, is a first-rate pianist, and can manage a church choir. Salary about 70 guineas. Age 29. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,397, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A LADY who has had considerable experience in tuition and the care of children, wishes to meet with a situation as **ENGLISH GOVERNESS** in a family. The Northern or Midland counties preferred. Highly satisfactory references can be given. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,399, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

THE NIECE of a clergyman, who can be recommended by the wife of another, with whom she has been for a short time as daily governess, desires a re-engagement as **RESIDENT**, where the children are under 10. She teaches French, music, and drawing, with English and ornamental needlework. Age 18. Principles, Evangelical. References exchanged. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,391, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

REQUIRED by a LADY, aged 22, an engagement, either as **GOVERNESS** in a family, or **COMPANION** to a lady. Speaks French fluently, and understands German. The advertiser would not object to the duties of a lady housekeeper, for which she is fitted. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,393, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT GOVERNESS in a family by a young German lady (Protestant). Is competent to teach German and French in all their branches, and music to pupils not too advanced. Can also instruct in English, having been governess here nearly three years. Salary 50*l.* Age 22. Will shortly be disengaged. Highly satisfactory references can be given. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,395, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

RESIDENT FINISHING GOVERNESS for one or two pupils only. A situation is required by a lady by birth and education, and a member of the Established Church, in a nobleman's or gentleman's family. She has had many years' experience and has excellent testimonials. Acquirements, sound English and the higher branches of French, conversational German and Italian, rudiments of Latin and Spanish, music (vocal and instrumental) and concertina, drawing in many styles and in which she is considered to excel. No objection to Ireland or Scotland. Salary from 90*l.* to 100*l.* Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,397, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A WIDOW desires a re-engagement as **GOVERNESS** in a family or school. Can give good references. Acquirements English, French, and Italian (acquired abroad), drawing, painting, and music. Salary liberal. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,399, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A YOUNG LADY, of first-rate musical abilities, desires a re-engagement as **GOVERNESS** or **COMPANION**. She has had several years' experience in teaching English, French, and music, and can give excellent references. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,391, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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1855	151,733
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1857	262,978

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The Rapid Progress and position of this Branch will be best shown by the following Statement of the New Life Business effected for the

Year.	Sum Assured.	New Premiums.
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1857	329,280	10,370 8 6
1859	434,470	13,086 8 5
1861	521,101	16,637 18 0

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THE CRITIC.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER we laid before our readers a statement of facts existing in the Caucasus and the circumjacent countries bordering upon the Black Sea and the Caspian, but little known to the people of this country, and yet, as we believe, highly important to our future welfare. If the Caucasus be indeed and in truth the bulwark of India (as we most firmly believe it to be, and as Russia herself admits that it is by her constant and most costly endeavours to possess herself of it), it follows as a consequence that it is of the greatest importance to us that it should be preserved from the hands of a dangerous and aggressive Power. The Treaty of Paris, by stipulating for the freedom of commerce in the Black Sea, would be sufficient in itself to preserve the freedom of the Caucasus; but British merchants are informed by the authorities at the British Foreign Office, that owing to certain regulations of Customs, police, and quarantine imposed by Russia—where Russia has no business with either her Customs, her police, or her quarantine—the security of the British flag, trading with the independent, friendly, and unconquered Circassians cannot be insured. It behoves all thinking men, therefore, to look to this. Since the publication of our last number, matters have advanced considerably in the Caucasus. The *Courier de l'Orient* for the 13th of May announced that matters were assuming vast proportions in the Caucasus, and that all Daghestan was in arms. If the reader will recall to mind what we have formerly put upon record, he will find no difficulty in appreciating the importance of this news. The Russian Government, anxious to set free a part of the *corps d'armée* now acting upon the Caucasus, in order to employ it against the Poles, sent envoys into the mountains proposing peace; but this offer was rejected by the tribes with scorn. The mountaineers replied that they found it safer to make war with them than to make peace, and they have now risen *en masse*, with intent to convert their defensive war into an aggressive one. "All Daghestan is in a state of insurrection," means 80,000 men in the field—some of the finest warriors in the world, and burning to revenge the cruel oppressions of ages.

How the astute diplomatists of the CZAR will contrive to avert the danger which now threatens his domains we cannot even guess—unless, indeed, the *Times* can preach up another Crimean war, "to roll back the tide of Russian aggression for ages." With Poland on the one side, and the Caucasus in full movement on the other, the sources of Russian power will be attacked—not at Cronstadt and Sebastopol, where she is invulnerable—but in places where she may be really crippled, and her power curtailed for ever. As we write, we perceive from a telegraphic dispatch that the Poles, hearing of what is taking place in the Caucasus, have begun to do that which in 1854 we did not do—they have sent a body of men against Odessa.

The visit of the Circassian chiefs to this country, although it attracted little apparent attention in high places in this country, did not pass unnoticed at St. Petersburg. We have seen with our eyes and held in our hands two bloody documents to prove this. During the absence of these chiefs and shortly after the report of their arrival here and of their letter to the Queen had appeared in the papers, a party of Cossacks lay in wait near the village where the family of one of them resided, and taking advantage of the absence of the armed men of the place upon an expedition, rushed in and massacred every living soul, old men, women and children. Over the mutilated bodies and gory heads of some of these victims papers were fastened up with various inscriptions, and we have held two of these in our hands. They were brought over here in a manner which leaves no possible doubt as to their authenticity. One of these, written in a beautiful clerk-like hand, bears these words: "Gidiniz Inghilterra kralichasina shokayet idin,"—the translation of this is, "Go and complain now to the female beast of England." Another inscription was to this effect: "You have been to the Franghestans, let them help you." Another, affixed to the breast of an old man whose eyes had been torn out: "In London they have excellent oculists." The two papers which we have held in our hands are actually stained with the blood of these innocent victims. They may be seen and examined by those who wish to be satisfied of their authenticity. What is the lesson that they should teach Englishmen?

IN DAYS GONE BY—in what it is now the fashion to call the *palmy days* of the *Saturday Review*—we remember to have been struck upon a memorable occasion by a remark which, whether it be regarded as a piece of arrogance or only as a piece of stupidity, is unparalleled in the annals of journalism. Our superfine contemporary, with a Pharisaical simper, gave the public some undesired information to the effect that the *Saturday Review* was written by "no sort of literary gentlemen," as if the fact were one to be gloried in rather than deplored; and as if a little infusion of the spirit of MACAULAY, or HALLAM, or DICKENS, or THACKERAY, or indeed any *littérateur* of eminence would have materially damaged the circulation of the paper. The remark may have struck awe into the lawyers' clerks who, over their coffee at the confectioner's in Chancery-lane (if it were then in existence), stared agape at the majestic words; and facile undergraduates at the two Universities may have conceived the idea that

the *Review* was edited by the late PRINCE CONSORT, that its staff consisted of the cleverest men—with the exception of Mr. BRIGHT—in the two Houses of Parliament; that the social articles were by nobody beneath the rank of butler, or, at the lowest, of private tutor in a family; that both staff and contributors were above payment; and that the proceeds from advertisements, and the sale of the paper, were devoted to paying off the National Debt. But we were not moved except to laughter, thinking it would be as reasonable for the managers of a hospital to proclaim that their business was done "by no sort of medical gentlemen," or for a firm of solicitors to advertise that their affairs were conducted "by no sort of legal gentlemen." It must be granted, however, that, at the time we have alluded to, there was literary talent and every other kind of talent displayed in the *Saturday Review*, whether it was indebted for it to "literary gentlemen" or not, and that whatever other mistakes might be found in its pages, its classical quotations were always correct, and its freedom from misprints was a matter of wonder to the reader and self-gratulation to the printer. But *quantum mutatus ab illo!* Either in consequence of the lamented death of the late PRINCE CONSORT, and the necessary "alteration in the editorial department," or because of a sudden change in the weather, or to prove the truth of that saying which predicts a fall to the haughty spirit, our contemporary has of late quite lost its old prestige; we no longer look there for infallibility in classical matters or accuracy in anything. We have not kept a list of, nor do we mean to ransack our memory for all the errors of different kinds which we have observed in our contemporary of late; and the like of which when discovered in books sent for review, or papers bought for reading or dissecting, our contemporary used to be always, and is now occasionally, so happy in worrying; but in our contemporary's last issue there was so inexplicable and so ludicrous a blunder, that we have not the heart to keep the fun all to ourselves. We were astonished that the classical *Saturday Review* should have given us for the first line of an *Alcaic stanza*—

Penas majorum immeritus lues;

we were shocked that the acute *Saturday Review* should have been completely taken in by a French translation or adaptation (without acknowledgment) of an English book by Mr. DUNLOR; but we were only intensely amused to find that the well-informed *Saturday Review* could confound GOLDSMITH with GAINSBOROUGH. We suppose that the principle of having "no sort of literary gentleman" connected with the paper, has been developed to such an extent that the classical quotations are supplied by "no sort of classical gentleman," that the books are reviewed by "no sort of well-read gentleman," that the musical notices are from the pen of "no sort of musical gentleman," but of some one who doesn't know a crotchet from a demisemiquaver, and that the "Royal Academy Exhibition" criticisms are supplied by "no sort of competent gentleman," which will account for the amusing blunder in the following passage from our contemporary's last issue: "Mr. Lucy's 'Reconciliation of Reynolds and Goldsmith' (*sic*), like other pictures by this thoughtful and conscientious artist, interesting and unaffected in idea, does not appear to aim at richness or relief—qualities which a painter can, however, rarely afford to dispense with." One almost loses sight of the vapid criticism and the tame platitude of the last remark in the richness which (if Mr. Lucy has it not) is not wanting to the picture of the gentleman (who, we suppose, is "no sort of literary gentleman") examining, in the interests of the *Saturday Review*, the array of paintings at the Royal Academy, and positively being so ignorant of facts and feature as to mistake GAINSBOROUGH for GOLDSMITH! No wonder the same critic cries for "richness" in a death-bed scene; for he no doubt considers the picture to represent GOLDSMITH lying a-bed lazily, and receiving a reconciliatory visit from Sir JOSHUA in consequence of "a few words" over last night's punch-bowl.

IT IS A CURIOUS LITERARY FACT which may be taken as an instructive indication of the motives of the debate which took place in the House of Commons on Friday night last, and in which several members busied themselves in popularising the most absurdly fictitious opinions about the Turkish Empire, that the *début* which Mr. COBDEN made in the world as anything but a trader, was as the author of a pamphlet entitled "Russia; by a Manchester Manufacturer." This first brought him into notice, and no doubt was the means of attracting upon him the attention of those by whom he has since been buoyed up in his political career. The opinions expressed in that pamphlet were as identical with those which he gave utterance to on Friday night as if the pamphlet were the brief for the speech. From one end to the other, it was filled with the gravest misrepresentations of everything in the Ottoman empire—of which the "Manchester Manufacturer" knew, indeed, just as much then as he does now, and no more; but among other gross and most ludicrous blunders, the writer fell into one so monstrously colossal, and so illustrative of the spirit in which he was dealing with matters which he did not and could not understand, that it deserves to be once more brought to the surface. To prove the gross and besotted ignorance of the Turks and their total destitution of anything like literature or science, the writer quoted largely from an account of his residence in Turkey, written by a Rev. Mr. WALSH, who was for some time chaplain to Lord STRANGFORD's embassy. This Mr. WALSH was totally ignorant of the Turkish language, as,

indeed, was usual with the officials of the various embassies in those days, and was, therefore, entirely at the mercy of the interpreters. He told the following story, which the "Manchester Manufacturer" quoted with great unction:

Lord Strangford sent the Porte a valuable present. He had brought with him a pair of very large globes from England; and, as the Turks had latterly shown some disposition to learn languages, he thought it would be a good opportunity to teach them something else; and he determined to send them over to the Porte, and asked me to go with them and explain their object. . . . This important present was brought over with becoming respect. A Choreash (Cavash) went first, with his baton of office; then followed two janissaries, like Atlases, bearing worlds upon their shoulders; then myself, attended by our principal Dragoman in full costume; and, finally, a train of janissaries and attendants. When arrived at the Porte, we were introduced to the Reis Effendi, or Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, with other ministers, were waiting for us. When I had the globes put together on their frames, they came round us with great interest; and the Reis Effendi, who thought, *ex officio*, he ought to know something of geography, put on his spectacles and began to examine them. The first thing that struck them was the compass in the stand. When they observed the needle always kept the same position, they expressed great surprise, and thought it was done by some interior mechanism. It was mid-day, and the shadow of the frame of the window was on the floor. I endeavoured to explain to them that the needle was always found nearly in that direction, pointing to the north: I could only make them understand that it always turned towards the sun! The Reis Effendi then asked me to show him England. When I pointed out the small comparative spot on the great globe, he turned to the rest, and said "Keetchuk," little; and they repeated all round "Keetchuk," in various tones of contempt. But when I showed them the dependencies of the empire, and particularly the respectable size of India, they said "Beeyuk," with some marks of respect. I also took occasion to show them the only mode of coming from thence to Constantinople by sea, and that a ship could not sail with a cargo of coffee from Mocha across the Isthmus of Suez. The newly-appointed Dragoman of the Porte (Isaak Effendi), who had been a Jew, and was imbued with a slighter tincture of information, was present; so, after explaining to him as much as I could make him comprehend, I left to him the task of further instructing the ministers in this new science. Indeed, it appeared to me as if none of them had ever seen an artificial globe before, or even a mariner's compass.

Now will it be credited that the very dragoman to whom Mr. WALSH, with his feeble stock of knowledge, was endeavouring to explain the merits of the mariner's compass and the relative areas of England and India, had at that time translated all the works of WOOD, HUTTON, and Sir ISAAC NEWTON into Turkish, and that the REIS EFFENDI was one of the most learned men then in the East? Yet, such was actually the case. Well might the author of "The Spirit of the East," commenting upon the lamentable misconception and ignorance which prevail in this country about Oriental matters, and adverting to this famous quotation by "the Manchester Manufacturer," say: "If this fact should bring home to any dispassionate inquirer the

humiliating conviction of the nullity of the oracles which have so long been suffered to direct the opinions of an enlightened nation on so great and vital a question, it will have been worth recording; but there is connected with it a consideration scarcely less humiliating, which the reader will draw, if he will but picture to himself the scene described, and imagine the effect produced on the minds of those present by the pitiable exhibition here recorded by the actor himself."

Such are the sources from which Mr. CORDEN once did, and evidently still continues to draw the inspiration for his tirades against the Ottoman Empire, and such is the evidence upon which those opinions are founded which his followers and admirers drink in from his lips with reverence and awe!

OBVIOUSLY THE GREAT EVENT OF THE MONTH in a scientific sense, is the news communicated by Sir RODERICK MURCHISON to the Royal Geographical Society at its annual meeting. Consul PETHERICK has not perished, as was supposed; he has been joined by Captains GRANT and SPEKE—and the source of the Nile has been discovered, the problem of ages has been solved, and Africa has rendered up the secret which she carefully withheld from all explorers since the PHAROAHs, and before.

The source, as now clearly ascertained, is a vast fresh-water lake, called Lake Victoria-Nyanza, whose southern watershed extends four degrees south of the Equator. This inland sea is fed by the waters which are drained from the Mountains of the Moon and the vast African table-lands which lie about the Equator. The accounts sent home by the travellers are full, and, as they are highly interesting, and will no doubt be published in *extenso*, we will not venture to curtail them. Suffice it to say, that the Lake Nyanza is about 150 miles each way, but of no great depth. The parent stream of the Nile issues from the middle of the northern boundary of the lake with a current 150 yards wide, leaping over a fall twelve feet in height. The lake has numerous other outlets from the same shore, which all converge upon the Nile, and feed it at various parts of its course. This, then, is the stream, which, from southward of the Equator, carries such boundless fertility throughout all Egypt, that it has from all ages been worshipped by the people of that country as the representative of the beneficent Deity. HERODOTUS, in his day, recorded that the source was unknown, and since that time numerous explorers have perished in the vain endeavour to wrest the secret from the mysterious continent. Strange that it should have been reserved for the reign of VICTORIA to be the epoch of discovering and partly to give the great mother-lake of the royal river a name!

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE AMAZONS.

The Naturalist on the River Amazons; a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By HENRY WALTER BATES. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1863. 8vo. pp. 351, 423. [Second Notice.]

THE EXILES OF ENGLAND have found a congenial home in all the temperate regions of the earth. They have peopled North America, from the frozen wilds of Canada to the sultry savannahs of the Southern Confederacy. They have colonised the cool Antipodes, and Africa beyond the tropics. But in the Torrid Zone they have acquired no permanent hold, and the rulers of India have not become acclimatised after a century of empire. The tropical world, in all its magnificence, remains in the possession of native tribes, or lies waiting till the revival of Southern Europe shall send forth a tide of sun-born emigrants to possess the inheritance which at present has been scarcely claimed.

If any countryman of ours would settle at Pará, let him first visit the great palm-house at Kew, and consider how he would like to spend his life there. But if he has any thought of taking a plantation on the Upper Amazons, he will get a better notion of the atmosphere of his intended home in one of the stoves or ferneries, and, more appropriately still, in a Victoria-lily house, for which experience he need not go further than the Royal Botanic Garden in the Regent's Park.

The region of the Amazons is for the botanist the region of palms. Not that these princes of the vegetable kingdom fill the country; but they are the dominant forms, whether towering above the massive crowns of the mangroves by the water-side, or themselves over-arched, and expanding their broad leaves in the colonnades of the loftier forest. Of the 500 sorts described by Von Martius, eighty were natives of Equatorial America. This distinguished botanist and his fellow-traveller Spix passed eleven months on the Amazons, now forty-four years ago, and their house was shown to Mr. Bates, standing unoccupied in the woods near Pará. Commercially the most important of the palms is that producing the Brazil-nuts, of which vast quantities are exported; another kind, equally prolific, is less readily collected, because it scatters its nuts on the ground out of the large

woody capsules, called by the natives "monkey's drinking-cups." The peach palm, already mentioned, produces a fruit which dogs and even cats will eat. While some of these trees are 130 feet in height, others, like gigantic shuttlecocks, have leaves twenty-five feet long and six feet wide on trunks only three or four feet high.

The primitive forest is distinguished from those of secondary growth, by the absence of that dense underwood, which renders them utterly impenetrable. And it is a very important characteristic that scarcely two trees of the same kind can be seen together. Their trunks are more remarkable for great and uniform height than for thickness; but at intervals of a furlong or so a veritable giant towers up. These are generally twenty to twenty-five feet in circumference; but Von Martius measured trees in the Pará district that were fifty to sixty feet in girth, and 100 feet from the ground to their lowest branch. Their total height must be 180 to 200 feet, and where one stands the vast dome of foliage rises over the general forest, like St. Paul's above the City. Among these vegetable giants are the king-tree (*Mora*), the cow-tree, and the silk-cotton tree (*Bombax*), belonging to families unknown in Europe. The great pod-bearing *Hymenæas* exude resin from their bark, and large lumps like copal are found in the earth among their roots when torn up by storms; ants and other insects are inclosed in it, as in amber. There are no *Araucarias* or other *Coniferae*; and no tree-ferns (for these belong to the hilly regions), but plenty of smaller sorts, making the swamps and glades into natural ferneries; while some have climbing stems, or grow parasitically on trees. The wood-paths are carpeted with *Lycopodiums*. Climbing plants abound, linking the tree trunks with their flexile stems, and mingling their foliage far away with the top-most boughs of the forest. Some are twisted in strands like cables; others, thick and contorted in every variety of shape, fling their snake-like folds round trunks and branches, or rise in zigzags like a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height. These climbers form no particular tribe or genus, but are members of many families of plants, usually of very different habit, but seemingly driven to it here by the force of circumstances. There is even a climbing palm, with slender, flexuous, and spiny stems, which twines about the taller trees, and fishes, with its barbed foliage, for fresh holding places.

It must have been after reading and thinking about the tropical forests, that Dr. Darwin wrote those lines in his "Temple of Nature," which seem to have produced a wonderful effect on the mind of his grandson—(they formed the subject of one of our own earliest "impositions")—

Yes! smiling Flora drives her armed car
Through the thick ranks of vegetable war;
Herb, shrub, and tree, with strong emotions rise
For light and air, and battle in the skies.

In the tropical forest this contest knows no pause nor interval; plants do not flower, and fruit, and then shed their leaves, but budding, flowering, fruiting, and shedding are always going on together. One exception becomes conspicuous in the silk-cotton trees of the public avenues, which shed all their leaves in the rainy season before the new leaf-buds expand. In the woods around the "campos," on the contrary, the leaf-fall is chiefly in the dry season.

The rainy season at Pará extends from January to June, varied with sunny days. And the dry season is not without heavy showers which produce a welcome coolness.

With all their wealth of foliage there is a strange dearth of flowers in the tropical forests. In the broad green wall, a hundred feet in height, which borders the public road, sometimes a scarlet passion-flower expands a solitary blossom, or the trumpet-flower (*Bignonia*), attracts the humming-bird and hawk-moth. The flowers of the great trees are mostly small and inconspicuous. Many of them produce their fruit on the trunk or branches, and sometimes within a few inches of the ground, like the cacao. The showy epiphytal orchids, for which Brazil is famous, are rare in the dense low-lying forests by the river.

Fruits are abundant, but appear to be chiefly introduced kinds, like the orange-tribe. The water-melon is cultivated at Ega, and the bread-fruit has been naturalised at Pará. Small quantities of maize and rice are grown, but not the rice of the country. The sugar-cane is cultivated for treacle, and distilling spirit. The tobacco is good, and might be more extensively raised. Coffee has been introduced, but the plantations are sometimes ravaged by the ants till the people give up the task in despair. The principal articles of consumption and export, tapioca and cocoa, are aboriginal to tropical America; but neither the mandioc (*Jatropha manihot*) nor the cacao (*Theobroma*) grow wild in the region of the Amazons.

The cacao plantations afford three crops a year, but they are mostly in the hands of very small proprietors who bestow no labour on them, and their produce is then scarcely a tithe of what it is under better management. The quantity exported from Pará has varied from 4,000,000 lbs., valued at 100,000*l.*, to double that amount in some other years.

India-rubber is an article of still greater export value, being the source of more than one-third of the revenue, which amounts to nearly 400,000*l.* It is the produce of a tree (*Siphonia*), abounding in the islands and swamps fifty or a hundred miles west of Pará, and also plentiful at a distance of 1800 miles from the coast. The people make yearly excursions to collect it, in August, when the waters subside. The Tonka-bean is also the produce of a native tree (*Dipterix*), and is largely exported for scenting snuff. Another great tree of the same tribe yields the copaiva; while sarsaparilla is the root of *Smilax*, a plant related to our lily-of-the-valley. In old times the Santarem Indians obtained the famous urari poison, for their weapons, from tribes 1200 miles distant; they are now quite ignorant of its use. But for hunting, and especially for natural history purposes, the Indian blow-pipe was far superior to fire-arms. The needle-pointed arrow, made of palm-stalks and tipped with urari, would kill at fifty or sixty yards, silently bringing down the birds or beasts, one by one, without alarming their associates.

The valley of the Amazons does not form a distinct Natural History Province, nor does the broad river interpose an impassable barrier between the creatures of Guiana and Brazil. During two days of his voyage, near Obydos, Mr. Bates saw great numbers of butterflies passing over the river, from north to south, in a continuous procession, from early morn till sunset. The migratory hordes appeared to consist entirely of the males of various species of *Callidryas*. Sometimes they assembled in dense masses on the sandy beach, to imbibe the moisture, when they looked like beds of yellow crocuses. Among butterflies, as with birds, the males are usually more brilliantly coloured, and are often very different from the females, which are also much less frequent. With the exception just related, the number of distinct kinds of butterflies was more remarkable than the abundance of individuals. In one day Mr. Bates took forty-six specimens belonging to thirty-nine species, and in the day following captured thirty-seven specimens of thirty-three species, twenty-seven of which were different from any taken before. Not less than 700 butterflies have been obtained within an hour's walk of the town of Pará, and 550 kinds at Ega, whereas all Europe affords but 390, and only sixty-six are found in the British Isles. Some of the showiest used to come into the gardens, and even into the open windows of houses, but those which Linnaeus named after the Trojans never leave the shades of the forest. It is a grand sight in the early morning to see these fine butterflies sailing along the broad alleys of the forest, some twenty feet above the ground. Of the blue *Morphos*, we used to think *Menelaus* superb, but now there are half-a-dozen brighter, each more brilliant than the last, and some of them measure above seven inches across. The dazzling *Rhetenor* is visible a quarter of a mile off, when, at long intervals, it flaps its wings. The satin-white

Eugenia rarely comes within reach; and the clear-winged *Esmeralda* would be invisible save for its spots of violet and rose. Then there are the diurnal moths, such as *Urania*, rivalling the butterflies in beauty, and others surpassing them in size, like the *Erebus strix*, nearly a foot in expanse. Others are clear-winged, mimicking bees and wasps; while the hawk-moths are so like humming-birds that the natives insist on their identity, and Mr. Bates himself has shot them by mistake. The beetle-tribe was found most abundant in the new clearings made in the virgin forest. Many of the water-beetles were of European genera. Longicorn beetles occurred in great variety on flowers and tree-trunks; while at evening came the great *Phanæus lancifer*, flying heavily along, and giving no pleasant blow in the face. Of Dragon-flies more than 100 kinds were obtained, some of them fiery red; many Dipterous insects, remarkable for their mimetic forms, and a great variety of *Hymenoptera*. Santarem and Villa Nova afforded 140 kinds of bees, but none of them have "attained the high degree of architectural skill shown by the honey-bee." The *Melipona* hive affords two quarts of honey; these bees have no stings. One hornet-like insect mines the sandbanks in the middle of the river, and must fly half-a-mile at least to get the food required for its young; the senses must be more keen, and the "mental operation" more certain in this insect than in man! Those who wish in future to write of the social insects, of the polity of the ant and the termite, will find in Mr. Bates the most authentic chronicler. Even an entomologist might be amazed to see ants an inch and a quarter long, and stout in proportion, marching in single file through the thickets. But the Saüba ant, though smaller, is far more formidable. It travels in broad columns, making paths like the track of a coach-wheel, and has an unfortunate predilection for orchard trees, which, when attacked, are stripped of every leaf. They throw up mounds twenty feet in circumference and two feet high. The extent of their underground works may be judged by the fact that when sulphur was blown into their galleries, in the Botanic Garden of Pará, Mr. Bates saw the smoke issue at places seventy yards distant. At the Pará rice-mills they once pierced the bank of a large reservoir; and at Rio they are said to have tunnelled under the bed of a river as broad as the Thames at London-bridge. They made an attack upon Mr. Bates's stock of *farinha*, and would have carried off a couple of bushels in the night if they had not been driven away by repeatedly firing trains of gun-powder along their tracks. The Indians of the Tapajós use them as a sauce for fish. Some other kinds of ant, the *Eciton*s, are quite blind, and construct covered roads, which have been traced for 200 yards. The "foraging ants" have big heads and jaws, which seem to incapacitate them for labour, and they subsist by plundering other ants' nests of their grubs and cocoons. Indeed, they destroy every wingless creature, and clear the ground of all animal matter, dead or alive, in the line of their march. But the worst of all is the "fire-ant," whose sting is like a red-hot needle, making it impossible to walk in the sandy places near Santarem, where they abound. At Aveiros the soil of the whole village was undermined by them, owing to neglect after the troubles of 1835, and the place became uninhabitable. They are chiefly kept in check by their own habit of turning out *en masse* at the end of the rainy season, when such swarms are blown into the river that their dead bodies form a layer several inches wide and deep for many miles along the shores. The Amazonian ants do not appear to possess the "domestic institution," so we are not called upon now to say whether slavery is a Divine invention. But there is one point in the economy of the termites for which Mr. Bates has propounded a new explanation. Besides the queen and courtiers, and plebeian workers, there is a "fourth estate" unmarriageable, and having big heads like the foraging ants; their lives are not, however, useless, for they make it their duty to seize the tongue of the anteater when he thrusts it into their citadel, and thus offer up themselves as a holocaust for the safety of the commonwealth. While talking of insects, we must not forget the fire-flies (*Elateridae*), glancing in the woods and gardens; nor the cicadas, which take such a prominent part in the evening chorus; nor the wood-cricket, whose chirpings are so jubilant that the natives enthrall him in a wicker cage. Nor should we omit to mention the great spiders (*Mygale*), with bodies two inches long, and legs covering an expanse of seven inches, which spread their coils on thatch or the trunks of trees. Mr. Bates confirms the statement of Mme. Merian, so long discredited, that this spider catches birds, for he found two small finches in its web; one dead, and the other dying in the grip of the monster. Some Indian children secured one of these spiders by a cord round its waist, and led it about the house like a dog.

We have mentioned fishing as a great resource of the people of the Amazons. Many of the edible fishes, which are consumed both fresh and salted, belong to the curious fossil-looking order *Siluri*; some of them are eight or ten feet in length. There is a kind of salmon in the Tapajós which bite the legs of bathers, and the electrical eel is found in deep holes of its own working, after the floods have subsided. At Ega the great fresh-water turtle is a principal article of food, and its eggs afford the oil of commerce. They measure three feet by two when full grown, and were worth about ninepence each in 1850, and as many shillings in 1859. Formerly the water teemed with them, "as the air with mosquitos," but they must be annually diminishing. They leave the inland pools in July and August, to lay their eggs in the sandy islands of the main river. They oviposit by night, in the central and highest parts of the bank, each laying about 120 eggs, in pits three feet deep, covered up with sand. The

whole body finish laying in fourteen or fifteen days. The eggs are larger than a hen's, round, and soft-shelled. About 400 people used to go from Ega to gather the eggs, commencing simultaneously, to the roll of the drum, and occupying four days in the work. The eggs are mashed in empty canoes, and the oil skimmed off. Six thousand jars of this oil are sent annually to Pará from the Upper Amazons, and two thousand more used at home; and, as each jar takes about 6000 eggs, not less than forty-eight millions, the produce of 400,000 turtle, are thus consumed. Vast numbers still remain, and the newly-hatched young are collected for eating; many also are devoured by vultures and alligators, as they descend in shoals to the water. The young turtles remain during the dry season in the forest lakes, where they fatten on fallen fruits. Here the Indians shoot them with bows and arrows, or catch them with a kind of seine net. These ponds also swarm with fishes; as many as thirty-five sorts were taken with the net in one afternoon. Alligators are equally abundant; the water of the Upper Amazons is "as full of them as an English ditch with tadpoles," but they are disregarded by the natives till they do some mischief, and then the culprit is systematically hunted and killed. There are three sorts of alligators, one of them only five feet long, while the great cayman attains eighteen or twenty feet. The skeletons of these imbedded in the sand-banks, reminded the naturalist of the fossil saurians of his own country. On one occasion he nearly surprised a jaguar in the act of making a meal off an alligator, which it had killed when guarding its eggs. Lizards were numerous, as in all tropical countries, some in the woods, others entering the houses, and crawling over walls and ceilings. The iguana (called "chameleon") is common throughout the country, especially near villages. The *Amphisbæna*, a lizard like our slow-worm, lives in the subterranean chambers of the Saüba ant. Snakes were seen continually in the woods, but not often of poisonous kinds. The *boa constrictor* has been known to wander into Pará at night, and has been killed in the streets. The rattlesnake likes to stretch itself in bare, sandy pathways. Many others are arboreal, and some take to the water occasionally, and have been caught with the fish-hook. There is also a real water-snake, the famous *anaconda*, from which Mr. Bates received a visit one night, while sleeping at anchor in his schooner on the Tapajos. He was awakened by the sound of a heavy blow on the side of the canoe, and a plunge in the water. The coop had been broken, and two hens disappeared. Next day, after a regular search, they found the *anaconda* sunning itself on a log at the mouth of a muddy rivulet, and dispatched it with harpoons. It was eighteen feet nine inches long and sixteen inches in circumference; but the skins of others were seen measuring twenty-one feet, and two feet in girth.

Birds were generally scarce, sometimes not one seen in a day. Near Pará they were mostly small and obscure, and the only pleasing song-bird was a little brown wren. They took their part, however, in the evening chorus of animals, and when the brief twilight commenced, the goatsuckers and owls joined in a deafening concert with the hooting of toads and tree-frogs, and the chirping of cicadas, crickets, and grasshoppers, so loud that people indoors could not hear each other speak. The early morning is the best time to see the birds, which are really very numerous in species, and sometimes rich in plumage; but they are widely scattered, and reside much in the tree tops. The insect-eaters, as well as the frugivorous kinds, are often gregarious, many different species hunting together. There were flocks of small green parrots; and the scarlet and blue macaws were seen feeding on palm fruits, out of gun-shot. The famous hyacinthine macaw was met with up the River Cupari. There were five kinds of toucan, generally wary and shy, but capable of being tamed; and on one occasion they mobbed the naturalist for bagging their comrade, as represented in the frontispiece. Then there were the tanagers, which take the place of sparrows; the "japiru," resembling our magpie, which hangs its purse-like nest in trees about houses; and the Urubu vultures, which come in at the back door and lift the lids off saucepans to rob them! Only two or three kinds of humming-birds are mentioned; they swarmed over the sands at Ega, and the orange-trees, when in full bloom, attracted great numbers; in the cool morning and evening they were seen whirring about the trees in scores—not methodically visiting the flowers, like bees, but capricious as the hawk-moths. For the rest, we can but mention the umbrella-bird; the scarlet ibis, and white egret; the jacana, striding about the Victoria lily leaves; the great storks by the river-side; and the small heron which haunts the mangrove swamps, much petted, and called a "peacock" by the natives. At St. Paulo Mr. Bates heard the organ-bird, the most remarkable songster of the Amazonian forests.

Thirty-eight kinds of monkeys were obtained, belonging to twelve genera; the whole number known in America being eighty-six, and the genera thirteen. All these have lateral nostrils, and four more pre-molars than the Old World monkeys. Many of them have prehensile tails, and no thumbs. They vary in size from the little marmoset, which may be inclosed in one's hands, to the strong and savage black howler, twenty-eight inches high; yet they exhibit in no instance any advance to a higher type! The marmosets have only thirty-two teeth, but it is because four of the true molars are wanting; they have the extra pre-molars like the rest. The natives are fond of taming monkeys, and the Indian women are said to suckle them when young. They effectually clear the house of cockroaches, spiders, and bats. Mr. Bates counted thirteen sorts at the doors and windows,

and in the canoes of the inhabitants. The marmoset, "with a brain as smooth as a squirrel's," is remarkable for its intelligence and good manners; but the *Cebi* are restless creatures, without being playful; the one Mr. Bates kept never seemed happy, and would leave its own meal to snatch its companion's food. These great howlers are eaten by the Indians; one horde of Tucunas, about 200 in number, destroyed at least 1200 monkeys annually. They have probably the greatest volume of voice of any animal, and deepen the feeling of solitude in the darkening forests by their frightful and unearthly roar. One of the scarcest monkeys is the nearly tailless, scarlet-faced sort, found near Ega, which is worth 3*l.* or 4*l.* at Pará. There are some small and owlish night monkeys, resembling the lorises in appearance, which sleep in hollow trees. The nocturnal kinkajous are also like lemurs, though related to the "coon"; they are common on the Upper Amazons, and wander in hordes, feeding on the fruit of the peach-palm. Small carnivorous opossums are sometimes caught in the fowl-houses at night. The puma is a rare animal in the wooded regions, not more than a dozen skins were seen in the possession of the natives; the name *cougar*, given to it by the French, is a curious specimen of corrupted orthography. Foot-prints of the jaguar were met with everywhere, and its cry heard nightly in most of the places where the traveller slept. More than once they surprised the animal at his meals; and once he paid them a visit in return, causing much uproar and confusion. The black variety was seen more than once. The great ant-eater was not uncommon, when stewed it "eats like goose." The tapir is also said to be good eating but scarce. The great Capybaras were seen in herds on the river banks, and the pacas and agoutis came out of their burrows early in the morning to feed on fallen fruits in the woods. These are "hoofed rodents," to which the great extinct *Toxodon* has some analogical resemblance. Mr. Bates thinks the *Toxodon* was the "father of all the pachyderms!" But we doubt whether the *Rodentia* are so old a family that the pachyderms could have descended from them in any way. In the woods near Santarem the traveller had the opportunity of watching a sloth among the trees; its slow and cautious movements contrasted with the heedlessness of the monkeys who follow their leader in single file, and make their flying leaps regardless of an occasional fall. The sloth was again met with in a most unexpected situation, swimming across a river 300 yards broad, where it was caught and eaten. Two kinds of fresh water dolphin inhabit the Amazons, and might always be seen rolling, blowing, and snorting, in the broader parts of the river, for a distance of 1500 miles into the country. The lakes near Barra, on the Upper Amazons, abound with manatees, which afford oil and potted meat; one was harpooned measuring ten feet long and nine feet in girth.

We must now bid Mr. Bates good-bye. The summary we have given of the Natural History of the Amazons is gleaned from all parts of his narrative; but it is only the hundredth part of what he has recorded as the fruit of his observations during eleven of the best years of his life. These travels will always remain a standard work of reference, as well as a fund of entertainment for the general reader.

FISH.

Fish Hatching. By F. T. BUCKLAND, M.A. London: Tinsley Brothers. pp. 268.

Fish Culture: a Practical Guide to the Modern System of Breeding and Rearing Fish. By FRANCIS FRANCIS. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. pp. 267.

IT IS NOT SO SURPRISING that the operations which have lately been prominently brought before the public with regard to the breeding of fish and the protection of spawn and ova from natural enemies and drawbacks, should be exciting public attention in a very lively manner, as that the people of this country should have suffered so many ages to pass by without taking some measures, if not for cultivating the wealth which lies around us in the waters, at least to prevent the constant and increasing action of those causes of destruction which go so far to render one of the most bounteous gifts of Providence of little avail. In a country like this, surrounded with seas which literally teem with the finest fish, and whose rivers naturally afford the best opportunities for allowing the salmon (the king of edible fishes) to reproduce in their upper waters, one would have supposed that the constant care of the Legislature would have been so to manage these good things as to use them most beneficially for the good of the many, and that the attention of the scientific would be directed to the best means of aiding the work of nature, and protecting it from hostile agencies and impediments. And yet, however strange the admission may seem, the exact contrary has been until very recently the fact. Hitherto, the law has permitted the proprietors of land in the mouths of the rivers to set nets and engines, so destructive in their nature, and so exhaustive in their operation, that it is all but impossible for a salmon to obey the instinct which impels him to seek the upper waters for the deposition of the ova and its impregnation by the milt; indeed, it may be safely said that not more than one salmon in a hundred achieves that miracle of all those which enter the mouth of a river with intent to do so. Thus it is that by the greed of a few selfish proprietors who happen to own the fishing at the mouth, all the other proprietors are deprived of the chance of improving their fishings, the whole river is rendered unproductive, and instead of becoming a cheap and popular article of

food, as it should be, the fish maintains its present high prices, varying from five shillings to one shilling per pound. The pernicious ingenuity which those greedy and short-sighted killers of the goose, which literally would lay golden eggs if it were allowed, has lately assumed proportions which would seem incredible to those who have had no opportunities of judging for themselves. Not many months ago an association, called the Fisheries Preservation Society, exhibited a collection of models of all the engines used to entrap salmon in the mouths of rivers. They were of all sizes, and of very different modes of construction, and, if we recollect aright, there were from twenty to thirty different kinds of them. After examining these models, the difficulty was to understand, not the scarcity and dearth of the fish, but how it was that salmon had not long ago become as extinct as the dodo, or at least as rare as the sea-serpent. This collection was afterwards exhibited at the Great Exhibition, and it is possible that the lesson which it practically inculcated may have had something to do with the anxiety which we begin to perceive around us to do something in order to protect the salmon from utter destruction.

Many years ago, this was not always so in England, and indeed, quite within the memory of living men, fish was a very cheap article of food *wherever it could be obtained*. Of course, the railroads, by making fish attainable even in places most remote from the waters which supply it, have tended to change this; but they do not supply the whole explanation. The increase of stake and bag nets and weirs and so forth have had quite as much to do with it. There is a tradition in Chester, Gloucester, and other cities situated upon great salmon rivers, that in old times the indentures of apprenticeship contained a clause, introduced on behalf of the apprentice, to stipulate that his palate should not be satiated with salmon *more than three times per week*. An offer made by a gentleman writing in the *Field*, to pay ten pounds to any one who would produce a copy of an indenture containing such a clause, but which failed to bring forward such a document, has somewhat shaken our faith in this ancient tradition; but however that may be, it cannot be doubted that salmon was, not a very long time ago, much more plentiful and much cheaper than it is at present.

It must be admitted, however, that the greed of man is not the only difficulty with which fish have to contend in obeying the Divine injunction to increase and multiply. From the deposition of the ovum to the full growth of the fish, it has to contend against a host of natural enemies, who make war upon it in every conceivable manner. The excellent lecture which Mr. Buckland delivered at the Royal Institution explained very clearly, and in most intelligible and apposite language, the dangers which beset the offspring of the salmon. The ova are preyed upon by the salmon themselves, by every fish that swims, by insects, and by birds, especially by swans; they are also liable to be destroyed in myriads by floods, which sweep away the gravelly nests in which they are deposited, and by droughts, which deprive them of the element necessary to life. Those fortunate eggs which survive all these chances have, on being hatched out into perfect fishhood, new difficulties to contend against, for the little fry is a tid-bit in the mouth of every other fish that is fortunate enough to come upon him—even his own species devour him greedily. Add to these complications of danger and difficulty the weirs, and stake-nets, and bag-nets which await the developed grilse and salmon, and we may arrive at an approximate idea of the enormous quantity of undeveloped and unprotected food which each salmon that comes to table represents.

Now it would appear that the notion of extending the protection of art to the eggs of fish is by no means a new one. In China, where the enormous mass of the population compels a close and scientific attention to all food-producing possibilities, the art of fish-culture has been long known. Pliny mentions something of the kind as being known to the Romans; and it is not unlikely that the old monks (who were the gentlemen who best understood the science of life in the Middle Ages) were not entirely ignorant upon the matter. Even in England there have been enthusiasts (prominent among whom may be named Mr. Boxius) who have long attempted to win proselytes in this matter, and who have experimentalised on a small scale. It is only, however, of late years that an attempt has been made in Europe to project an experiment upon a national scale, by bringing art to bear upon the improvement of all the great rivers of a country. During the reign of the present Emperor of France (who, whatever may be his shortcomings in other respects, has undoubtedly displayed great forethought and sagacity in the development of many national sources of wealth) a great deal of attention has been paid to the cultivation of fish in French waters. Up to within the last few years, the condition of the French oyster-fisheries was even worse than our own, and that is bad enough. Here we leave everything to private enterprise (which is too often but another term for private greed), and the consequence is that the English oyster-fisheries have been developed to such purpose that the lovers of that crustacean delicacy have this last season had to pay eightpence per dozen for real natives, instead of the already enormous and exorbitant price of sixpence per dozen. In France, the Government has taken up the matter, and oyster-breeding quarters have been established all along the Norman and Breton coast, and at the Ile de Rhé. A few dykes of stone or brickwork, some fascines of branches of trees for the oyster-spawn to attach themselves to, and you have everything necessary. What it has been doing for oysters, the French Government has also done for salmon, trout, grayling, and charr—the best fish that fre-

quent the fresh waters—and the only fresh water fish, with the exception of the eel and the perch, (let us observe, with all due respect to those who affect barbel, chubb, and the like), that deserve the attention of an epicure.

At Huningue (a small town on the Rhine, near Basle) an establishment has been organised, and has been now for several years in full working order, where millions of ova are annually hatched, and whence, not only have the French rivers been recruited of their fishy wealth, but assistance has been rendered, with the most open-handed liberality, to all who have sought, at the hands of the directors of that establishment, the means of conducting piscicultural experiments. It is to the liberality of M. Coumes, the chief director of the establishment at Huningue, and of the other piscicultural establishments in France, that Mr. Buckland has been mainly indebted for the ova which have been used by him in his interesting experiments. Mr. Ponder, of Hampton (whose experiments appear to have supplied the material of Mr. Francis's useful little manual), has also had valuable assistance from the same quarter. Enclosed in glass bottles filled with water, the bottles surrounded with moss and packed in a box, and that again in another box, many thousands of impregnated ova have found their way this season from Huningue to the *Field* office, the Zoological Gardens, and Mr. Ponder's, and that without the expectation of the slightest remuneration. This liberal conduct on the part of the French establishment is all the more creditable, though it certainly causes the blush of shame to rise upon our own cheeks, when we remember that a request from this same establishment, at its infancy, addressed to the proprietor of a Scottish river to be supplied with a small stock of ova, was met with a churlish and most decided refusal. It is, satisfactory, however, to know, that the establishment at Huningue is now quite independent of the assistance of any one, and that, with wise liberality, it now distributes to all parts, not only of France, but of the Continent, and of England, impregnated eggs of salmon, charr, trout, grayling, and other fish, besides offering to the world at large an example worthy of imitation.

Thus it will be seen that the operations which have been attracting so much attention in the *Field* window are new only in the sense that it is something new to see live salmon bred in the middle of the Strand. There is certainly a novelty about that idea, which partakes somewhat of the paradox. One evening, when Mr. Buckland had been exhibiting at the rooms of the Zoological Society, in Hanover-square, he directed his servant to take the bowl of fish back to the little artificial stream of the apparatus with all convenient speed—humanely thinking that the little creatures must be getting very uncomfortable in the stagnant water of the bowl. The man went down to the hall to fetch his hat, and on returning for the bowl found that the porter of the society (doubtless mistaking the fry for "slops") had thrown them out into the street, and was standing ready to give the man the clean bowl, as if rather proud of his achievement than otherwise. On learning what had occurred, Mr. Buckland and other members immediately turned out into the street with spoons, cups, and lanterns, to collect the poor fish who now lay gasping on the pavement. The scene presented by a number of zoological pundits groping about upon their hands and knees was, no doubt, very attractive to a curious looker on; and a gentleman who happened to be passing by ventured to inquire what they were doing. "Catching salmon," replied Mr. Buckland. "What!" said he, "catching salmon in Hanover-square!" and with that he fled in dismay, evidently thinking that he had happened upon a party of maniacs.

The operation of fish-hatching, as practised by Mr. Buckland and Mr. Ponder, is the same as that which is used on a larger scale at Huningue. The apparatus in the *Field* window was brought by Mr. Buckland before his audience at the Royal Institution, which he delivered on Friday, the 17th of April, and at the time we write this is being exhibited at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, as a concomitant attraction to the Dog Show. It consists of a large cistern which supplies a constant stream of pure water; then a series of troughs through which the water falls from one level to another, and finally a reservoir, at the lowest level, for the waste water. These troughs have two or three inches of fine gravel at the bottom, and nearer the top of the water a frame, consisting of parallel rods of glass laid just so far apart that when the fish is hatched out of the ovum it can slip through the glass and swim free. The impregnated eggs lie like little white carnelian beads, each with a blood-red spot, between the ridges of the glass rods. Beneath the rods the curious observer will find the water full of signs of life. Hundreds of the little fellows, each provided with its umbilical sac (which is all that remains of the egg, and which contains all the food which the young fish requires until its mouth is developed and it can feed itself), swim about in the most lively and joyous manner. This sac or food-vesicle is entirely absorbed into the body of the fish about six or eight weeks after birth, and the little creature then has to be fed. Mr. Francis recommends "a little ox or sheep's liver, well-boiled and ground or grated as fine as possible," to be "scattered among them daily." When the little fellows can feed freely upon this, they may be regarded as fish in a fair way for doing well.

The cost of an apparatus such as we have described is very slight, and for private experiments even a simpler and less expensive apparatus would be sufficient; indeed, a few soup plates and a jug placed beneath a trickling tap would do the business as well as anything; and even with such unpretending materials as these the pisciculturist may take a leaf out of Mr. Buckland's book, and decorate the exterior

and surroundings of his troughs with moss, turf, and such appropriate flowers as the marsh marigold and the globe flower. Mr. Ponder's apparatus, which he has erected in his greenhouse at Hampton, and which is described by Mr. Francis, is somewhat more elaborate; but even that could not have cost more than a few pounds.

As for the destination of the young fry when they have been hatched out in the manner described, a controversy is even now raging among pisciculturists as to whether it is better to turn them out into the open stream as soon as they are capable of feeding themselves, or keep them in a protected reservoir until they have attained a size somewhat beyond mere fryhood. Mr. Buckland's plan, we believe, is to give them protection for about six months after birth—until, in fact, they have attained the size of a cigar—and then to let them out into the stream. The Glasgow Association, which has successfully carried out the interesting experiment of stocking the upper waters of the Clyde with grayling, is also in favour of protection.

It seems to us that the lesson taught by Mr. Buckland and Mr. Ponder, as to the ease and small expense with which fish-hatching apparatus may be constructed and maintained, ought not to be thrown away. Bearing in mind the treatment which most of our salmon rivers have received at the hands of the proprietors of the bag-nets and weirs, and the deplorable consequences which have ensued to the supply of fish, we cannot imagine a better use for a few thousands of pounds annually than in the maintenance of a national fish-hatching establishment upon the model of that at Huningue. Indeed, we are not sure whether annual thousands would be wanted at all, nor whether the establishment, once constructed and set going, might not be made almost, if not quite, remunerative. An establishment of this kind, arranged somewhere on the Thames (than which no better river could be selected for the purpose), would not only replenish that noble river with the finest kind of fish, and render it (in spite of the poaching to which it is constantly exposed, and even of the protection of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, whose water-bailiffs vie successfully in destructiveness with the swans) one of the finest fishing rivers in the world, but it could supply at a moderate price to every fishery proprietor and angling association throughout the kingdom, either impregnated ova for local hatching or supplies of fry hatched out. As the House of Commons has never yet displayed any willingness to promote scientific experiments which promise benefit to the community, we do not regard the idea of seeing such an establishment founded as either impossible or chimerical; and if it ever comes to be realized and the services of Mr. Buckland can be secured, the skill and zeal which he has displayed in the cause point him out as the best possible of directors.

Digressing from fish "alive O!" to fish when prepared for food, we must say that, to us, not the least interesting of Mr. Francis's chapters is that "On the Cooking of Fish." It is somewhat a reproach to us that the English, although perhaps better supplied with fish than any other people on the surface of the globe, understand least about its preparation for food. The waste which takes place among us annually in the matter of fish is something appalling. It is not too much to say that the quantity of wholesome food thus literally thrown away would be more than sufficient to relieve what is called the Lancashire distress. On our south coast many thousands of tons of fish (either caught in such great abundance that there is no present demand for them, or no one cares to cure them) are thrown upon the fields as manure. Many fish also are banished from the tables of even the poorest, merely by the force of some absurd, vulgar prejudice. How few, for instance, will touch the conger eel, than which the sea contains no more nutritious, or, if properly cooked, palatable creature. The white soup which the Channel Islanders make of conger, and serve with green peas or *pointes d'asperges*, would be esteemed a delicacy at any table; whilst a steak of the dried and salted fish would convert the poor Irishman's pot of potatoes into a succulent and nourishing dish. Yet to the majority of our poor the conger is abomination, as, indeed, it is to the Jews, who condemn it as well as the river eel, upon the ground that it has no scales. By the Scotch generally the eel is abhorred, and so, in many parts of Scotland, is the lobster. Another much abused fish is the gar-fish or sea snipe—a long, blue fish, which is caught in great abundance in our southern waters. The bones of this fish are of a bright green, and from this many people ignorantly imagine that it is unwholesome; whereas the gar-fish is really one of the richest and most delicious fishes in our waters. The hake, too, is wasted to an immense extent, and so are many others which we cannot so much as enumerate.

The great evil which lies at the root of all this deplorable waste of good and wholesome food is that deplorable ignorance of cookery which is one of the great characteristics, as it is one of the principal disgraces, of the English people. No people have more or better fish than we have, and none know so little how to cook it. Not to descend too minutely into particulars on this almost boundless subject, let us observe how little is known of fish soups. It is not too much to say that to most people in this country they are absolutely unknown. When a piece of meat has been boiled in water, it is not very difficult to convince the cook that the liquor ought not to be thrown away, but that it should be used for the basis of stock for soup; but who thinks of saving the liquor in which fish has been boiled? Yet the water in which a piece of salmon has been boiled is charged with rich, nutritious matter, and skimmed, strained, and laid by to boil some more fish next day, would become a strong fish stock, out of which the best

soup might be made. A little vinegar or wine added to that liquor improves the flavour of the salmon which is cooked in it, and renders it all the better as stock for fish soup. If we contrast the knowledge of our cooks on this important head with that which prevails in France (especially on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, where they understand the cooking of fish better than in any other part of the world, and whence come all the soups and dishes *à la bisque* and the famous *houillabaisse*, the monarch of fish soups), there is little occasion left for national self-conceit.

In the operation of frying, too, the knowledge of our cooks is shamefully deficient. Generally speaking, real frying is ignored altogether, and what may be termed frizzling is resorted to. True frying means cooking in several inches deep of boiling oil or fat, and this is only done in the kitchens of the wealthy, of the great taverns and clubs, and among the Jews. In Italy, even poor people fry properly, and the oil, carefully strained and used as long as it is sweet, afterwards comes in handy to be burnt in the evening *lucerna*. This is true economy, which means, not stinginess, but the careful and intelligent use of everything that can be used.

Our space now warns us that we must bid farewell to Messrs. Buckland and Francis, and their interesting and useful volumes. They have both done good service, and deserve great credit; the former for what he has actually done, and the latter for the good purpose to which he has put his knowledge of fish and powers of observation, without which such an excellent manual of pisciculture as that which he has written could never have been produced.

SPECULATIONS OF A DANISH SCHOLAR.

A short Treatise on the Longevity ascribed to the Patriarchs in the Book of Genesis. From the Danish of the late Professor RASK. London: Trübner. pp. 134.

ENGLAND HAS HAD GREAT CLASSICAL SCHOLARS, great Oriental scholars, but few of its distinguished sons have dedicated themselves to the subject—so vast and so interesting—of comparative philology. More daring than all men in material enterprise, the English are more timid than all men in intellectual speculation. Indeed, if they ever venture into the region of intellectual speculation it is to find reasons for justifying stagnation or retrogression. This may in a large measure be ascribed to the intense conservatism of the English, and to their lack of idealism; but it may also be traced to the nature of the chief educational institutions—the Universities, the great endowed schools, which are mediæval, cloistral, not national; Anglican, not English. It is easy, no doubt, to demonstrate that they are admirably adapted to the character, the purpose, the traditions of the English Church and the English aristocracy—that they have their fitting and necessary place in the powerful but complicated organism which we call England. If, however, the condition of teaching be servile compliance with certain forms and formulas, it is plain that the teaching itself not being free, cannot be courageous, comprehensive, fertile. A speaker lately in the House of Commons, sneered at the German Universities, and at those who would assimilate the English Universities to them. As the German Universities are at the head of the world's grandest scholarship, the sneer was as absurd as it was ignorant. The imitation of foreign models is seldom advisable. It may be right, according to the Latin saying, to be taught by an enemy, but it is not the highest wisdom which can thus be learned. We neither desire to see the English Universities Germanised nor Gallicised. Each people has its own individuality in which it should, with patriotic pride, rejoice, yet so as to widen, not to narrow, the range of action. What is wanted is, not that the English Universities should be either German or French, but simply that they should be English—national; that they should throw aside their sectarianism, their exclusiveness; or that, as was long ago proposed in the columns of the *Caric*, a University nobler, more complete than any other at home or abroad, should be erected in London or the immediate neighbourhood. In any case, science should speak as science, art as art, literature as literature, philosophy as philosophy, and none of them all should be in abject bondage to theology. If this were so, we should not be compelled to make the humiliating avowal that there is only one man in England who devotes himself to comparative philology—that is Max Müller, who happens to be a foreigner.

Remote as the two chief Scandinavian states seem to be from the centres of civilisation, they yet contrive to do what England has not so much the incapacity as the disinclination for doing—they keep themselves abreast of French and German research.

It may not be unacceptable to our readers, as an introduction to what we have to say respecting the work of Rask, which one of his admirers has, with exceeding elegance translated, if we give a brief account of a foremost Danish scholar. Shortly after Rask's death a sketch of him appeared, we believe, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, a most useful, but long defunct periodical. That sketch we have not seen, and we are obliged to rely on sources ordinary enough, but, we are persuaded, trustworthy, if somewhat meagre.

Erasmus Christian Rask was born at Brendekilde, near Odensee, on the Island of Fünen, on Nov. 22, 1787. He was the son of a tailor, and thus could not boast of a very aristocratic origin. There have been some famous shoemakers, Jacob Boehme included; but famous tailors have not abounded; and a man who has been a tailor carefully conceals the fact, if ever he has the luck to be metamor-

phosed into something better. That good old grandfather with whom Béranger spent his earliest childhood, and of whom he spoke so gratefully, was a tailor; and this alone gives to the tailor a certain amount of literary interest. Rask's father, however, though not belonging to the wealthy or honourable of the earth, seems to have been able to give some of the advantages of education to his son, who manifested from the beginning a passionate love of study. He was, above all, attracted by everything embraced in the Scandinavian idea—the literature, the languages, the antiquities, the history. Having received from the college at Odensee what help it could give him, he went, in 1807, to the University of Copenhagen. Here the poverty with which he had to contend had no other effect than to stimulate his zeal. We suspect that it is only in youth that poverty the bitter bears this sweet fruit. Rask, however, drew on himself the notice, and acquired the protection, of Nyerup, like himself a native of Fünen, and whose long and indefatigable life, extending from 1759 to 1829, was fruitful in works of colossal erudition. The succour which Nyerup procured Rask enabled the latter to pursue the tasks which he had assigned to his energies more pertinaciously and successfully. Rask, when still a mere youth, laid the foundation of his great and deserved reputation by his "Introduction to the Icelandic, or Old Norse Language," which, like not a few of his other productions, was translated into English. A subsequent edition of this work was enriched by notable improvements. Rask had already ventured into that wide domain of comparative grammar, which he was to tread with a step so majestic and victorious. Some employment—apparently not of a very lucrative kind—had been obtained for him in the University Library; soon after which, in 1812, he, accompanied by Nyerup, undertook a journey, with antiquarian objects, to Sweden, where he formed an acquaintance with the Finnish language by the help of Franzén, one of Sweden's worthies, who had the glory of excelling as poet, as preacher, as biographer, and as historian. It may be observed, that the Finnish language is totally distinct alike from the Scandinavian group and from the Slavonic group of dialects. In 1813 Rask went to Iceland, to study in that Robinson Crusoe of countries, its history, its idiom, its sagas. The government gave him a pension. His abode on the solitary island lasted for two or three years. He grew familiar with it in all its aspects; and thereby, and from his incessant intercourse with the natives, he learned much which books could never have told him. His collection of sagas was complete and interesting in an unprecedented degree. It was during Rask's residence in Iceland that Björn Haldurson's Icelandic-Latin-Danish Dictionary was published at Copenhagen in two quarto volumes. Rask had vigorously co-operated in the preparation of this dictionary. In Iceland Rask wrote his "Investigations into the Origin of the Old Norse or Icelandic Language," which was crowned by the Academy of Copenhagen, and translated into German. The profoundest philologists have deemed this a treasure both of facts and suggestions; and the illustrious Jacob Grimm, the Columbus of modern linguists, but whose insight has always pierced to something deeper and diviner than language, is said to have been led by it to one of his most memorable discoveries. Promotion in the University Library awaited Rask when his mission in Iceland was fulfilled. But it was for something altogether different from libraries or their contents that he now yearned. Having thoroughly surveyed with the glance of genius the languages of the North, he aspired to judge them by the light of an Oriental sun, to compare them with the languages of Asia, to hear these languages spoken where they were still living, and, where they were dead, to approach their monuments with reverent inquiry. This bold and wise desire, partly private help and partly the generosity of Government permitted him to gratify. But his journey eastward was slow. He passed a year at Stockholm, occupied with the publication of his Anglo-Saxon grammar and of the two Eddas—those striking embodiments and illustrations of Scandinavian mythology of which he gave the first complete and critical edition. At the outset of career he had produced, along with Nyerup, a Danish translation of them. Two years were spent in Finland and at St. Petersburg. Besides putting in order the library of Count Woronzof, and encouraging and assisting Renvall to bring out his lexicon of the Finnish language, Rask resolutely plunged into the midst of a whole host of languages—Persian, Arabic, Armenian, Sanskrit, picking up Russian by the way as if it were merely an amusement. Not till the summer of 1819 did he set out for Astrachan, where he remained six weeks, and where Tartar diversified his rapidly increasing stock of knowledge. He next faced the deserts, where the Turcomans have their home, and on the 8th November reached Tiflis—a city to whose celebrity much has contributed, but nothing so potently as the poetry of the Horatian Anacreontic Mirza-Schaffy, which Frederick Boderstedt has so rapidly popularised. Tiflis was Rask's resting-place for the winter. In the spring of 1820 he advanced into Persia, halting successively at Erivan, Teheran, Ispahan, Shiraz, and Persepolis, trying to forget the difficulties and perils of his route by grappling with Mongol and Mantschou. But his health was shattered by toil and travel, and his finances were so seriously crippled as to make farther sojourn in Persia impossible. We next encounter him at Bombay, where the antique, classical, and sacred languages of India, Sanskrit with Hindoostanee, Zend and Pélvi, for the most part engaged his attention. But whatever might claim his time, it was Zend which seized his sympathies, and a result was his treatise on the age of the Zend language and the authenticity of the Zendavesta.

From the English authorities he received the warmest, most hospitable welcome; but, what perhaps he valued more, he was admitted to the intimacy of several learned Brahmins, who spoke to him with a frankness and fullness not common with them, and who, moreover, vouching on his behalf their most fastidious scruples, augmented his store of valuable manuscripts. Striking into the heart of India he sought Gwalior, Benares, Serampore; then, ere long, Calcutta and Madras. For a month he had his tabernacle at Tranquebar, in the extreme south of the peninsula. Passing the Strait, with what eagerness must the son of the far North have landed on the Isle of Spices—Ceylon? In Ceylon it was Cingalese, Pali, Elu, which his insatiate appetite devoured. Quitting Ceylon, he lingered for a few months in Continental India. On the 1st of January, 1823, he embarked for Europe, and on the 5th of May he arrived at Copenhagen. He had immensely extended his experiences, immensely increased his knowledge, and his collection of Oriental manuscripts was so rich as to be a worthy reward for his daring and diligence. The manuscripts were placed in the University library, in which Rask resumed his activities. In 1825 he was appointed Professor of Literary History. Armed with a feverish force, furnished with prodigious materials, he toiled at comparative philology in a manner which we may call digressive, aggressive, as well as comprehensive. It was digressive, for he swiftly darted from east to north, from north to east, anxious only to seize the sympathetic links remote from each other; and it was aggressive for he was never content to be a discoverer without also being a reformer. He has been harshly and unjustly blamed for striving so strenuously to improve the Danish orthography. This was not a trifle, a pedantry, or a caprice. Lately, in Germany, the varieties in the mode of writing German words have become a subject of extreme alarm, and numerous books have been published respecting the chaos. Both for etymological and other reasons, it is necessary that in every language orthography should harmonise with its strict and literal import. And if Rask displayed a fierce obstinacy and involved himself in troublesome controversies in his endeavour to make orthography correspond to its name and signification, he cannot on that account be charged with pettiness and spite. In 1828 Rask was chosen Professor of Oriental Languages, in 1829 Chief Librarian of the University, and in 1831 he had to increase those onerous offices by a Professorship of Icelandic. As a President of the Icelandic Literary Society and of the Royal Society for Northern Antiquities, he impelled, inspired, all around him. Of many foreign societies he was a member. He died on the 14th November, 1832, before having quite completed his forty-fifth year.

Rask is reported to have been of an irritable, distrustful character. But why should we find fault with him as some have done, for living apart from the world and for consecrating his time to study? How could he otherwise have achieved things so miraculous.

We have given a most imperfect catalogue of Rask's productions. The large and marvellous list fills us with a feeling akin to incredulity.

The Tractate on the Longevity ascribed to the patriarchs, on the relation of that longevity to Hebrew longevity, on the Flood, the Exodus of the Israelites, and the Site of Eden, and so on, has not, as might at first be supposed, any repulsive aridity. Perhaps to some the most attractive part of the volume will be the map of Paradise, and the circumjacent lands. It is always pleasant to the prosaic to have poetry reduced to prose. Rask's scheme is exceedingly simple, exceedingly plausible, by no means fanciful. It gets rid of many difficulties, removes many stumbling-blocks. Not in the ordinary sense can Rask be called a rationalist. He sees the historical where many learned Germans see only the mythical. But then he wishes the historical in the Bible to be bound by the common conditions. This is doing the Bible service, not disservice, for it is plain that if the historical is complicated with mythical elements it ceases to be the historical at all. It must not, however, be supposed that Rask's is a theological treatise; it is a work of pure scientific research. As such must the reader approach it. It is as suggestive as it is acute, and if it is to be judged or refuted it must be by those who are as learned as Rask himself was. But an admirable theory is now propounded, most acceptable to dolts, bigots, and Pharisees, that the more entirely a question directly or indirectly bearing on the Bible is scientific, the more unscientific persons are fitted to pronounce on it; so that Rask—that mighty master who knew so many languages, and knew them so well—must yield to Dr. Cumming, whose knowledge of any language but his own is doubtful, and who cannot even write his own with elegance and accuracy. Whether it is desirable for the credit of English scholarship and theology that this state of things should much longer continue, we leave our readers to decide.

Playtime with the Poets; a Selection of the best English Poetry for the use of Children. By a LADY. (Longman and Co. 16mo.)—What can we say of this volume but that it is prettily printed, and contains the prettiest of all the pretty verses which have been written or sung by the prettiest of English poets in grave and gay. This is truly a book for young people and young memories, who, reading it, and if spared to grow up, will find tender words, beautiful thoughts, melodious sentiments, and pious utterings, clinging about them like the ivy to the tree, not to consume its pith, but to rejoice the heart evermore with the verdure of beauty and the freshness of waters drawn from pure fountains.

THE CITY OF LONDON.

London Scenes and London People: Anecdotes, Reminiscences, and Sketches of Places, Personages, Events, Customs and Curiosities of London City, Past and Present. By "ALEPH." London: W. H. Collingridge. pp. 364.

THE AGITATION which the late attempt to deprive the ancient metropolis of the Empire of some of its most valued and time-honoured privileges, renders the issue of this volume particularly appropriate at this time. Sir George Grey and his fellow conspirators, General Evans and Mr. Ayrton, may rail as they will, and the *Times* may fulminate leading articles at its pleasure: with the public at large the City of London proper will always be the Metropolis of the Empire; Gog and Magog will retain their present position among British demigods; and to the office of Lord Mayor will historical memories cling of Whittington, Walworth, and Gresham, scarcely less pleasant than those more substantial associations of turtle and punch, which present themselves to the mind in connection with the aldermanic gown. It is idle to say that the identity of the City has been swamped by the congeries of parishes and metropolitan boroughs which have aggregated themselves around it. The name of the City is still a word of power among us, and when any great metropolitan celebration has to be carried out, it is to the Mansion House and Guildhall, the Lord Mayor, the Worshipful Court of Aldermen, Mr. Remembrancer, and his brother officers, that we look to for its fulfilment. Who ever expects the Marylebone Vestry to entertain royalty at a ball, or Her Majesty's judges at a banquet? Even the High Bailiff of the ancient City of Westminster may ride abroad in a fine coach with cloth of gold liveries; no one thinks the less of "the gingerbread coach," Mr. Macebearer, and the men-in-armour on that account. Even to the sight-seer, who comes filled with curiosity from the country, and eager to see all that is worth seeing in London, three-fourths of the most attractive sights are to be found in the something under a square mile called the City proper, which lies like a little island surrounded by the eighty to a hundred square miles of metropolitan district. For is it not to St. Paul's, the Bank, the Royal Exchange, Guildhall, the Mint; the Mansion House, the Monument, and the Tower, that the earliest visits are paid? Even in the choice which England has made of the locality wherein she lays her most honoured dead, we fancy we can discern something like a token of respect for the City. Not in royal Windsor, or even in Westminster, did she lay the ashes of her Nelson and her Wellington—the favourite soldiers of the people—but beneath the fane which Wren erected in the heart of the metropolis of England.

The volume before us is in many respects a pleasant and useful companion of those which Messrs. Timbs, Peter Cunningham, Leigh Hunt, and others have contributed to what may be called the literature of the City. It is filled with essays upon miscellaneous subjects connected with London which have already appeared in the columns of the *City Press*, a highly respectable and well-written journal devoted to civic interests. Beneath the veil of anonymity assumed by "Aleph," we shall not attempt to pry. He is evidently an old inhabitant of the city, perhaps, even he may be the famous "oldest inhabitant" himself. Indeed, such is the vastness and accuracy of his memory that we should scarcely feel surprised if he were to turn out to be Mr. Remembrancer himself. At any rate, he has written a very readable set of papers, and they have been reprinted and got up in a very creditable manner, so as to form a handsome volume. The subjects are, as we have said, miscellaneous, and the arrangement (or rather want of it) is discursive. He wanders about from Barber-Surgeons Hall to St. Paul's, and so on to Guildhall, London Stone, and Christ's Hospital, without any apparent purpose but that of retailing curious and out of the way information to his readers. Many of these facts we have happened upon before in the pages of Messrs. Hunt, Timbs, and Cunningham, but some are new to us. There is an interesting paper about the Lord Mayor's Coach which we read with great interest. In this paper the author gives us a little internal evidence as to his own age. He was nine years old, not *consue Planco*, but when Curtis was Mayor—so he is not so very old after all.

I was about nine years old when, from a window on Ludgate-hill, I watched the ponderous Mayoral coach, grand and wide, with six footmen standing on the footboard, rejoicing in bouquets as big as their heads, and canes four feet high, dragged slowly up the hill by a team of beribboned horses, which, as they snorted along, seemed fully conscious of the precious freight in the rear. Cinderella's carriage never could boast so goodly a whip; his full face, of a dusky or purple red, swelled out on each side like the breast of a pouting pigeon, his three-cornered hat almost hidden by wide gold lace, the flowers in his vest full-blown and jolly, like himself, his whip covered with blue ribbons, rising and falling at intervals merely for form—such horses were not made to be flogged. Coaches' box was rather a throne than a seat. Then a dozen gorgeous walking footmen on either hand, grave marshalsmen, treading gingerly, as if they had corns, and city officers in scarlet, playing at soldiers, but looking anything but soldierly; two trumpeters before and behind, blowing an occasional blast, which might be interpreted into "See the conquering hero comes!" men, boys, and stray women, on the crowded pavements, shouting "Hurrah!" and the windows and house-tops, right and left, bright with elegant ladies, superbly dressed, or adventurous bipeds among the chimneys, all swelled the advancing pomp. How that odd old coach swayed to and fro, with its dignified, elderly gentlemen and rubicund Lord Mayor, rejoicing in countless turtle feasts—for, reader, it was Sir William Curtis! Did ever ovation or triumph of Roman general yield greater enjoyment than this slow-coach airing in a damp winter afternoon? It was near half-past four o'clock, and it was growing dark, yet the panels, with their lustrous gilded Cupids and heraldic animals—not to be found in any natural history—came out brilliantly in the waning light. As the ark of copper, plate-glass, and enamel crept slowly up the incline,

a luckless sweeper boy (in those days such dwarfed lads were forced to climb chimneys) sidled up to one of the fore-horses, and sought to detach a pink bow from his mane. The creature felt his honours diminishing, and turned to snap at Blackee; the sweep screamed, the horse neighed, the mob shouted; and Sir William turned on his pivot cushion to learn what the noise meant; and thus we were enabled to gaze on a lord mayor's face. In sooth, he was a goodly gentleman, burly, and with three fingers' depth of fat on his portly person; yet every feature evinced kindness and benevolence of no common order. He was the poor man's friend, the munificent paymaster of the industrious, the widow and the orphan's constant helper. He might be fond of agood dinner and old wine—what then? Are not our tastes similar? I fancy the City state coach has rumbled from Guildhall to Westminster on about 150 November days. Are the years of the Corporation numbered? If a new Civic Reform Bill becomes law, will it be consigned to disuse and dust, and kept as a relic of old London, or broken up as mere worn-out frippery? Alas for the Ark of bygone coach-makers; there is sadness in the idea that we may soon see it for the last time!

This character of the great gourmet, Sir William Curtis, certainly gives us a more amiable idea of him than that which we had formed from the story of his cursing the famishing beggar as he passed him on the way from his carriage into the Guildhall. "D—n you" (the Alderman is reported to have said, as he looked with envy upon the hungry face of the whining wretch, and thought of the satiety which he was carrying into the rich banquet), "I'd give you five pounds for your appetite."

A curious and suggestive little paper is that on "The Waste Places of London," alluding to those spots which are from some cause or other laid waste, and then, from some unexplained reason, never get built upon. There is the site of the Fleet Prison, in Farringdon-street, for example; for how many years has that valuable piece of land, almost in the very heart of the City, lain waste? The mere ground-rent of such a piece of land must be a small fortune; for the value of land towards the centre of the City is something fabulous. Not many years ago, a dispute arose about a few feet of frontage in a part of the City where land is most valuable, that is to say, close adjacent to the Royal Exchange. The matter was referred to arbitration, and when the award was given, after hearing all the most competent surveying evidence attainable, it was found that the sum given was equal to six hundred thousand pounds per statute acre! A few rods of such land would, at this rate, weigh down many a broad acre of land in the country, however laden with golden crops or sturdy oaks. Another curious instance of the high value of land occurred in the rebuilding of a well-known tavern near Temple Bar. It so happened that an adjoining banking-house was being rebuilt at the same time, and both were anxious to add to their premises a small piece of back-yard measuring about three yards square. This piece of land was eventually purchased by the tavern for 2000*l.*, and as the piece of land belonged to the school of a parish not very far from London, the school got the benefit of the competition. Another waste place is the land on either side of Victoria-street, at the bottom of Holborn-hill; and the flanks of the new street leading to Covent Garden, from Coventry-street, promise to join them. These remain vacant because the expectations formed by the designers of these streets of a rapid creation of traffic have proved fallacious, and they must await their occupation according to the inevitable and immutable laws of supply and demand. Other waste places, or rather waste streets and houses, are treated of in another essay, headed "Skinner Street." That street has, indeed, been a notable example of the uncertainty of preconceived plans where a public thoroughfare is concerned. Skinner-street was projected in the year 1802 by an alderman of that name, and surely one would have thought that a wide and commodious street connecting Holborn, that great artery of London traffic, with Newgate-street and Cheapside, besides offering a direct road to the Smithfield live-cattle market and the Newgate meat-market, would be likely to become popular and prosperous. Not a bit of it; from the day it was built until now, Skinner-street has existed with a kind of blight upon it. The Saracen's Head, Theobald's stocking-shop, and the toy-shop, have been about the only lively-looking-houses in the thoroughfare; whilst the row of ruined houses which "Aleph" describes, presented a picture of ruin and desolation not easily to be matched—except, indeed, by those houses in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, to which he also makes allusion. "Aleph" does not, indeed, seem to be aware that there was any connection between the Stamford-street ruins and those in Skinner-street, but such we believe to have been the case. We remember to have heard that both these "valuable properties" belonged to two eccentric maiden ladies, who were in some doubts or under some alarm about the title, and preferred to allow the houses to remain unlet rather than run the risk of losing them altogether. On one occasion, the District Surveyor, having given repeated warnings in vain, carried out his threat of executing some repairs necessary to the preservation of the Skinner-street houses himself. During the time the works were being executed the good ladies were most constant in their attendance, and relieved each other in mounting guard, taking all their meals on the premises—presumably to see that the workmen did not make away with the bare walls.

There are some interesting sketches of London sights a generation or two ago, such as Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, and the menagerie at Exeter Change. Everybody knows the story of poor Chunee and his cruel struggle with death, when the poor brute went crazy through toothache, and poison and a file of soldiers had to be called in before the elephant could be killed. The last vestige of Exeter Change was swept away the other day, when the Arcade was pulled down to make room for the new Strand Music Hall; but the house in which Mrs.

Salmon displayed her wax-work marvels still stands. It is that house in Fleet-street which is now occupied by a hair-dresser, and assumes the pretentious title of "the Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." At what particular period of Henry's reign he and "the butcher's son" kept house together in one palace the barber does not inform us. Mrs. Salmon was, however, originally a toy-shop keeper, and having some skill in modelling, she set to work and made her collection of figures, just as Mme. Tussaud subsequently did, and with much greater success, with her own hands:

Mrs. Salmon furnished her shop with a tempting assortment of toys—Dutch, English, and French; Punch and Judy invited customers; cricket-bats and chess-boards allured old and young; while for her exhibition, which occupied the first and second floors, she practised a very ingenious sort of advertisement, though far less costly than modern appeals for patronage in the world's journal. She expended all her talent in constructing two admirable effigies of a beefeater and a match-woman, who on alternate days kept guard at her door, offering to passing pedestrians highly eulogistic programmes of the wonderful waxwork collection upstairs. I was but a child when I first passed; it was on a Monday, and Monday was devoted to the touting of Mrs. Matches. There she stood, a truly venerable-looking old body, supported on crutches, clad in a plain but clean gingham gown, with a book-muslin apron, mittens up to her elbows, a basket with matches in one hand, bills in the other, her bonnet (wide fronts were then in vogue) thrown back so as to draw attention to her head and face. The forehead was hung with a profusion of white horsehair ringlets, the grey eyes were as bright as glass could make them, the cheeks were rosy with carmine, and the lips had a dash of indigo—the whole in strange contrast with the yellowish paleness of the wax. I was astounded, and stood stock still, at the risk of being pushed down and trampled under foot. Of course, she was a real flesh-and-blood beggar-woman, but how stony still she stood—why did she not ask for a halfpenny? Why did she continually stare over the way? I could not see anything remarkable in that direction, yet still she stared. Moving on towards Bridge-street, the fascination of that persistent stare drew me back again. Would she be gone? No, there she was; might I give her a halfpenny? I was too shy to take such a liberty, and once more looked homeward, but the old woman haunted me. Why did she stand at that door? Was the demand for matches so great in that neighbourhood? I passed the toy-shop again, but it was on a Tuesday, and Mr. Beefeater was on duty. A broad burly figure, à la Holbein, truncheon in hand, sword at waist, a ruff round his neck, a velvet cap with a black feather, a well-laced scarlet surcoat, shoes with roses for buckles; very red in the face, staring like the match-woman, but, nevertheless, as I fancied, regarding me with a malicious eye. I felt rather afraid, and wished myself safely past so truculent an official. Those figures often formed part of my dreams; and when, two years afterwards, I comprehended that they were dolls on a large scale, I could hardly get rid of my original fancies. Over the door was this intimation: "Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork, admission 6d." What a treat it would be to go upstairs! If the beefeater and his wife were such wonders, how surprising must be the indoor curiosities! When it was settled that sister and I should have a holiday to see the show, my delight was irrepressible. Still this was somewhat damped when we found the exhibition whis given by lamplight; indeed, there was something dreamy in leaving the street to stumble up the darkened stairs, and find yourself all of a sudden groping about among a congregation of dead-alive ladies and gentlemen, who did not seem at all disposed to welcome you. Room I. rejoiced in some very august presences—King George, Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Duke of York, and other smaller Georgian scions, all as fine as velvet, false stones, and tinsel could make them. Mr. Pitt supported royalty on the one side, and Mr. Fox on the other. These in their turn were set off by General Wolfe, Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Devonshire, Abercrombie, and Admiral Nelson. The likenesses were warranted, but we could not help thinking that there was a strong family resemblance in the whole party. Theodore, King of Corsica, rivetted our attention, however, for he wore a beard (beards were novelties then), and looked fiercer than anybody else. Room II. contained various celebrities of that period, as Dr. Dodd, General Pichegru, John P. Kemble as Rolla, and Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catherine; liberty Wilkes, with a cracked nose; Mr. Incedon singing "The Storm" without notes, and Braham warbling a duet with Signora Storace. Rather incongruously, several Bishops, with Whitefield and Wesley, were placed in juxtaposition with such suspicious characters as Dick Turpin and the old Duke of Queensberry. Room III. represented quite a pastoral scene—shepherds and shepherdesses, with lambs, and a goat or two, making violent love, in a mode scarcely proper, according to our politer notions. In the centre of this room there was a miniature wax man-of-war sailing on a sea of crown glass, and just over it waved a union jack of alarming dimensions—no doubt, as a proof of the proprietor's loyalty. Possibly this miscellaneous stock in trade might have cost Mrs. Salmon 500*l.*; but then it must have brought her a much larger sum; and when the auction took place such perishable commodities were dear at any price. The public gradually began to credit itself with a taste, grew supercilious, and despised stuffed images with waxen masks. The treasury grew empty, and neither Mr. Beefeater nor the lady on crutches could replenish it. Even so the wonders of Baker-street will fade out, and some future register of antiquated wonders may hazard an inquiry about Madame Tussaud and her exhibition. The Mrs. Salmon of my bygone days, however, is still fresh in memory—the dust has not gathered over her quiet gentilities—the wax has not contracted a bilious hue—the tinsel and the carmine are as bright as possible—and, as I make a telescope of the long vista of years, the beefeater and the match-woman continue real and lifelike.

With regard to some of the matters about which he professes to discourse, the information which "Aleph" imparts might be a little fresher and more accurate. The account of Christ's Hospital, for example, is woefully deficient. Bread and beer for breakfast have, we can assure "Aleph," been amended to bread and sky blue, not ten but at least thirty years, and milk porridge has long been expunged from the dietary.

The Chapter Coffee House, in Paternoster-row, as described by "Aleph," is a capital example of the old class of taverns which is now fast disappearing, and whose custom has, indeed, been swallowed up by the more genteel and private club houses on the one side and more pretentious dining-houses on the other:

The charges at the Chapter were moderate, but then your desires must be moderate too, or you would come to grief. Hungry folks did well to keep away from its precincts, for a hearty meal was out of the question. A cup of coffee, of excellent quality, cost 5*d.*—6*d.*, rather, for William, the head waiter, had a lien on the penny, and woe to him who sought for change! Four delicate ham sandwiches, with a glass of sherry, were charged 10*d.*—the eleventh and twelfth

penny went to William. The tea deserves special mention. It was served in a red earthenware glazed pot, holding sufficient to fill three small cups, but quite superlative in quality. For this, with six slices of bread and butter, a muffin, or two crumpets, the charge was also 10*d.*, the copper being appropriated as aforesaid. Persons might enter the coffee-room, turn over the files of papers, and even transact business, without being obliged to call for anything; but if you did it often, a cold reception must be anticipated. Mr. William, who, it was believed, had money in the funds, was quite a character—age forty, height the average, stout, but not fat; carefully dressed in a better black cloth suit than many of the visitors, wearing knee-breeches, black silk hose, and a spotless white cravat; very civil and attentive, never talking but in answer to questions, and then briefly. His eyes were in every corner of the room: woe to the luckless wight harbouring any design on the spoons! Yet he was capable of kind feeling, for when he suspected a customer was very needy, he would bring him two muffins, and only charge for one; nay, he had been known to avoid receiving payment altogether from a certain needy curate, by asserting, with great gravity, that he got the money when he served the tea. As a rule, he expected his pence with inexorable firmness; and no plea of wanting change, or remembering it next time, would answer with him. On easy terms with regular visitors, he scanned the strangers and new-comers with inquisitive looks, watching all their proceedings like a very Argus. If improper persons, such as mere tradesmen or mechanics, sought admission, he dismissed them coolly, but decidedly, by intimating that they "must have mistaken the house—the Blue Bear was in Warwick-lane." He must have passed away long years ago, and with him most of his class; for the waiters in modern places of refreshment, or even in the club-houses, are of a very different grade. Genteel clubs in our day are for the "nobility and gentry," or certainly for the well-to-do only. Ordinary coffee-houses are chiefly for the busy and the vulgar. There are few or no refuges for poor gentlemen, where, as in the time of Addison and Johnson, a small outlay entitled the visitor to a cordial welcome, and where, in

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

parking cares and anxieties were banished.

Should these papers ever come to attain the honours of a second edition, they will be none the worse for a little care exercised in seeing them through the press. At any rate, when "Aleph" next attempts to print the *ménu* of a City dinner, he had better call a calf's sweetbread by some other name than a "ris de beau," and avoid rivalling Mrs. Betsy Prig by amending his spelling of the French word for cucumber.

REVELATIONS OF WITCHCRAFT.

La Sorcière. Par J. MICHELET. Paris: Dentu. pp. 486.

TO LIVE is in a large measure to idealise; so that for him there no true life who cannot idealise both the future and the past. Hence optimism, if not always a healthy exaggeration, is a pardonable mistake. The idealist, the optimist, will find this striking production intolerably repulsive, for it tears away with a horrible harshness that sacred and radiant veil which we are in the habit of throwing round the misdeeds and miseries of the Middle Ages. Yet the poetry is so lavish, the painting is so gorgeous, that we are fascinated even by that which is the most revolting. A polemical purpose has been ascribed to Michelet in writing the book. Michelet's attitude is always more or less martial, aggressive; and his hatred of imposture and oppression never slumbers. Still he is a genuine child of nature, and in the selection of subjects for his important literary labours he is influenced, not by his antipathies, which are deep, but by his sympathies, which are deeper. One topic flows from another through the force of an uncontrollable instinct. This the reader will scarcely be inclined to lament, except in so far as it is perhaps unfavourable to Michelet's enduring fame. The chief creation of his mind, the crown of his career, should have been his *History of France*; but, though it has reached the twentieth volume, it is never likely to be finished; for Michelet is sixty-five years old, and seems now to shrink from resolute, systematic research. Yet even if, like Gibbon, he had concentrated his brain on one supreme achievement, he would none the less have been an episodic rhapsodical writer. It is because he is so that he so irresistibly attracts. Leaving then his renown with posterity to take care of itself, we rejoice that here he should follow his own wayward way, sure, that if unhindered, he will be all the more rhapsodical and episodic. Looked at from one point, Michelet is an unrivalled pictorial artist; from another, he is the most spontaneous of human beings—worshipping eternal nature, and warring with the pedants, the bigots, the anchorites, who refuse to worship with him. Verily, how vain are our customary canons of criticism when applied to this strange magician! We confess, perchance to our shame and our blame, that Michelet is almost the only living author whom we can read with pleasure. The rest are so dull, or so pretentious, or so vapid, or so cynical. There are faults in abundance—faults against taste, faults against art—consummate artist though Michelet may be; but the faults are readily pardoned to one who so potently enthral us. Michelet, ere he has uttered half a dozen words, makes us at home with himself and his subject. We enter at once into brotherhood with him. He becomes as a little child in the presence of the heavens and at the spectacle of human destiny, and we march docile and delighted beside him. How tired we grow of books made out of books—ponderous compilations, learned lumber! How we yearn for a fresh, full, fervid heart which has a fecund imagination, to nourish it for ever with beautiful dreams! Spite of Michelet's determination to battle with iniquity, to lay bare sophistry, to cleave down to the marrow of what is ugliest it is yet ever into an idyllic world that Michelet leads us. Idealism has the vision of an idyllic existence, but it is a barren vision. An idyllic existence must be created by the opulent phantasy. It is in an idyllic realm that Shakespeare incessantly places

us—whatever the theme that he touches. Needful, nay indispensable, as is idealism to man, it is realists of a special mould who have to keep it alive. Such eminently was Shakespeare; such in a less, but still in a rare, degree is Michelet. Every page of this volume burns with stern, inexorable fact. Mediæval monstrosities and mummeries are torn from their tombs, are delineated in all their hideousness, are dissected in all their loathsomeness. By the side of pollution we behold idiocy; by the side of villany, ignorance; by the side of ferocity and deceit, abject superstition; by the side of physical suffering and abomination, the most awful, spiritual debasement and bewilderment the most deplorable. Yet what is the impression which remains? An impression entirely idyllic—light, and joy, and peace are ours. What is the "Sorceress" of Michelet? She is the fierce protest of a thousand years against the sombre and cruel monkery of a thousand years. That which earth owes, and may further owe, to Christianity, is a matter to be debated in the most Catholic temper. But the more we are thoroughly impartial in the discussion, the more frankly must we admit the immense, the innumerable, the tragical evils which arose from the misapprehension or misapplication of Christianity. There is a common belief that polytheism perished from the gradual and exclusively moral influence of the Gospel. This is a gross mistake. Polytheism was put down by main force; it was as brutally suppressed by the early Christian emperors as obnoxious sects and Churches were by the Czar Nicholas. But this murder of polytheism was a violation of nature; for, notwithstanding its sins and shortcomings, polytheism was faithful to nature, profoundly revered it. Olympus anathematised and annihilated, the Acropolis dismantled, the Capitol discredited, dishonoured, the temples of Greece desecrated, the Gods of Rome dethroned, it was deemed wise and divine to bury human nature, universal nature, in the general ruin. Everything natural was cursed as unholy, and it was in the invention of the unnatural that human ingenuity exhausted itself. The most innocent desires, the most blameless pursuits, were reprobated. There was a deification of dirt and insanity, and crazy solitaires, bursting in filth and fury from the desert, were the lawgivers of mankind. Never had such an odd and mad alliance of the ludicrous and the terrible been witnessed. The life of the ancients was a life under the sunshine and the stars; it had a hunger for warmth and air. Every sweet tone, every lovely tint, every graceful form drew near unto it with eloquent friendliness. And now mortals came, armed with the desolating fire of a hallucination, gloomy and grim, to wither the richest bounties of earth, the tenderest treasures of human affection. It was not enough to practise abstinence, asceticism, but pain was cultivated as a duty, and mortification was exalted into religion. But with whom had the monk—the demented, drivelling, yet so much the more despotic monarch of Christendom—to fight? With Satan, the enemy of the Omnipotent. And what was Satan? An exceedingly complicated figure, doubly formidable to the monk through the complication. Michelet is not a metaphysician; but in Satan the metaphysical element is the profoundest, the most interesting. The history of the Witch, which Michelet has so admirably written, should have been preceded by the history of the Devil, which he cannot write. In the Satan of Judaism and of Christianity we have the Ahirman of Parsism transformed, and, to some extent, deformed. Nevertheless, the prominent aspects, metaphysical and symbolical, remain. But, enchanted by the picturesque, and able to make it vivid to us with incomparable skill, Michelet is dead to the mystical, to the invisible. Hence we have the lyrical rather than the dramatic, the dramatic rather than the epic part of the subject. Of the sublime Orientalism, the source from which Satan sprang, there is no trace. This is a serious drawback; for, sad and humiliating though it may be to admit that that same group of communities which had been ennobled by the marvels and the triumphs of Greek and Roman civilisation should have fallen a prey to monkery, yet a revolution so complete must have had more puissant causes than those which Michelet deigns to glance at. History can never be merely a caricature, varied now and then by a carnival. Laugh at monkery as a farce, smile at it as a comedy, weep over it as a tragedy—it was still a gigantic conflict with the powers of evil. Its epical character, history cannot lose; and, though all ages are not heroic, all ages are divine. Here the pure idealist, however dreamy, asserts his superiority over the idyllic painter, however gifted, like Michelet. As an insult to universal nature, as a wrong to human nature, monkery deserves more than the worst that Michelet has said of it. But the monkery was an attempt to render the world earnest. Now the world should be both earnest and glad. The world was glad before the advent of Christianity; since the advent of Christianity earnestness has come, but gladness has disappeared. It is for us in these days to create a world which is glad and earnest in the same degree; a world in which Christian purity and enthusiasm may not be ashamed of the antique graces, and rites, and raptures. In this endeavour Michelet can help us though, albeit, in no disparaging sense, he may be denominated a Pagan rather than a Christian. The most charming pages in this volume are those which describe the death and resurrection of Pan—of Nature, the sacred, the salutary, the happy. When polytheism was vanquished it was not the primordial gods who were lamented the most; it was the countless host of rural deities that haunted the fountain and the forest, shielded the shepherd's home, scattered blessings on his hearth. These joyous bestowers of joy were not willing to depart when Jove was robbed of his thunder, Neptune of his trident, and when Mercury and Venus, Apollo and

Diana were no more. Banished for a season, they flew back to their woods and fields, ventured to approach the little modest, remote cabins which were their true temples. They were worshipped in secret, and—persecuted by the monk, but too intangible to be wounded or slain, they took refuge, when too hotly pursued, in the domain of fairy mythology. Their work, as benefactors, they never abandoned. The most hidden treasures of nature were open to them; to them the virtues of all plants and of all minerals were revealed. It was thus that—loyal to what was purest, best in the ancient religion, the poor peasant retained as a recompense some traditions of the ancient medicine. He had, consequently, two consolations—a healing for the soul, a healing for the body, which the monk knew not of, or, knowing of, was not able to tear from the peasant's tenacious grasp. Much the peasant needed these two consolations, for his lot was unspeakably wretched, degraded; and even in pious, philanthropic, and enlightened England, which has boundless pity for negro slaves, the condition of the peasant is still one of much sorrow and debasement. The peasant, in those ages which have well been called dark, had to borrow light and succour from the imagination, and his imagination was more fertile than even the grandest genius of later days. But, fertile as it was, the woodland deities stimulating it when it languished, it would never have conceived demonology. This, like Satan, was the gift of Judaism. One supreme demon implied millions of subordinate demons, and if the chief demon could possess the soul, legions of demons could enter in and dwell there. The demonism of the Jewish system, mingling with heathen magic and heathen miracle, contained the germ of witchcraft. Yet witchcraft could have had no popular power, none of the poetry which surrounded and continues to surround it, unless the peasant had been driven to fly by imagination from the burden of his bondage. The early Christians employed exorcism to expel the devils from the sick, from heathens newly converted, from children newly born. Diabolical possession was, therefore, universal. But a regular compact with the devil which is a part of witchcraft so essential, was perhaps not attributed in the first centuries to any one as a grave offence. It was discovered, however, that heresy could be made to look more heinous if the charge of sorcery were added. The heresiarch Priscillian, who was put to death at the end of the fourth century, and who is said, which is sufficiently improbable, to have avowed on his trial that he had disseminated pernicious doctrines and to have attended nocturnal assemblies with women of evil reputation, was accused of sorcery as well as of heresy. But the persecution neither of sorcery nor of heresy took a systematic shape and colossal dimensions till the Papal power had reached its height, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. When, at the end of that century, the Papal power began to decline, the Inquisition was stimulated to its utmost vengeance, and was allowed to attack sorcerers and heretics indiscriminately. These were three among the other effects of the Crusades; art and science received a prodigious impulse; the thoughts of men were enlarged; tolerance was promoted. This was one effect. But—second effect—against the enlightenment there was a fierce reaction, which the ecclesiastical organisation that directed Christendom did its utmost to encourage. A third effect was, that new and strange incantations came from the East. The conflict was, therefore, far deadlier than it had been between the lovers of improvement and the bigots, while wild, fantastic Oriental elements rushed into the fray. It is in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that we must seek the golden time of witchcraft. Wizards and witches were then burned wholesale. France was the classic land of witchcraft as Spain was of the Inquisition. In the sixteenth century the persecution was more fitful; but, even in the course of the seventeenth century, witchcraft had many believers, and the pedantic James I. thundered against it. Michelet narrates some of the cases of persecution for witchcraft in France with great, and, we are compelled to say, with occasionally disgusting detail. The worst case of all, perhaps, that of Catherine Cadière, belongs to the eighteenth century. In 1782 a witch was burned in Switzerland; and, more than ten years later, there was an execution for witchcraft in Polish Prussia. It cannot be denied that witchcraft is still a leading article of the popular faith; and as there is no longer any danger of being burned, there are charlatans—male and female in abundance, to turn the delusion to their own purpose. In Devonshire, scepticism as to witchcraft is resented as almost criminal, and wizards and witches are regularly consulted. There has lately been a revival of ghosts, and we see not why there should not be a revival of demons. We do not object to either ghosts or demons, if they return with somewhat of their former poetry. In all of us there is a mysterious principle which makes ghosts and demons rather welcome than the contrary. Superstition is in the blood of every man; it cannot be banished by science. And we are superstitious in the degree that we are imaginative. Science, however, can perhaps prevent cruelties and imbecilities similar to those which Michelet so vividly chronicles. And, even if science were to quench its torch and resign its vocation, the world cannot well have a palingenesis of mediævalism, however ardently a handful of fops and Jesuits may wish it. In England mediævalism lingers, yet not so as to be a hindrance to progress. The publication of a work like this, in England, would not excite the anger of the priesthood. It is different in France. There Voltairianism and Ultramontanism have to fight out a fight which seemed to be decided before the first Revolution began. In France there are few to be the champions of a religion in harmony with the spirit of the times. He

who is not Voltairean is Jesuit; he who is not Jesuit is Voltairean. Every new French book is, therefore, a weapon of warfare. The "Sorceress" of Michelet is a heavy blow to the priestly party; and the heavier from the absence of distinct, direct polemical intention. Michelet's pictures tell, where the most vigorous philippics would fail. Who were the persecutors of wizards and witches in France? Priests and monks. Were they animated by an honest zeal for religion? This even their advocates cannot say. The persecutors were imbecile, ignorant, avaricious, sensual, jealous, false, and fraudulent. They delighted not only in the infliction of torture, but combined with the torture everything which they could imagine that was obscene. Sorcery and its punishment were both alike forms of an execrable licentiousness. It is not pleasant to a priesthood to be exhibited as lascivious, and as blockheads too, as leaden dunces leprous with lewdness. But, instead of denouncing Michelet, and of getting his book placed in the expurgatorial index of Louis Napoleon and in that of Pius IX. would it not be advisable for the priests of France to consider whether, in the purest ages as well as the most corrupt, celibacy and monastic seclusion are not big with danger? If the Catholic Church is to reign much longer in France, it must be a human fact as well as a Divine institution and authority. However, in denying that Michelet's work is in design polemical, we must not be polemical ourselves. Let the book be read for its literary merits, for its beautiful as well as its terrible pictures, for its tenderness and truth, for its magnificent vindication of nature, for its apotheosis of woman. ATTICUS.

A FRENCH ULTRAMONTANE VIEW OF IRELAND.

Ireland in 1862. Translated from the French of the Rev. Father ADOLPHE PERRAUD, Priest of the Oratory of the Immaculate Conception. (Sole Authorised Edition.) Dublin: James Duffy. 1863. pp. 520.

ON READING THE TITLE-PAGE OF THIS VOLUME we were led to entertain a hope that we should find in its pages a fair and candid summary of the present condition of Ireland. We thought it possible that a foreigner, though a Roman Catholic, might hold the balance evenly between the conflicting factions—equally unattractive in our eyes—of Ultramontanism and Orangeism; might write as though free from that ever-quick rancour which opposing creeds seem to engender in Irishmen when they treat of Irish topics; and so produce something which might be read with profit, or at least without pain, by those persons who for their own sakes as well as that of the empire at large, heartily wish prosperity to the sister isle. We were mistaken, however, in our conjectures. A more unfair, illiberal, and bigoted volume we have seldom or never set eyes on. Father Perraud writes from his brief; and his brief is to exalt Messrs. McHale, Cullen, and Co., and to write down that moderate and middle class which, composed no less of Roman Catholics than of Protestants, furnishes, in our opinion, the only hope of the future prosperity of Ireland, if ever that time of prosperity is to arrive before the Greek Calends. We need hardly, in these columns, disclaim the smallest sympathy with Orangeism. Of the two we consider it perhaps even more odious than Ultramontanism. In the ranks of the latter, the great majority must inevitably consist of dupes, at the beck and call of those whom interest or bigotry impel to keep their ignorant countrymen in a state of chronic excitement and vassalage against law and order. But the Orangeman, in nine cases out of ten, is supposed to be a person of more or less education. He can, at least, read history, and gather from it, as he reads, that no caste—such as that to which he belongs—ever yet had a lengthened existence, when its foundations rested upon such palpable injustice, as that the many should yield to the few, because those few believe their creed to be the preferable one. Take an Orangeman from Ireland—remove him from that febrile agitation which is aroused by seeing a fancied foe always near at hand, whose leaders are ever whining and exulting over the slowness or fancied completion of their opponents' downfall—and he becomes a rational being. His fancied grievances are soon pricked, and at once collapse. He learns to see that he must lay aside all hopes of being placed on the necks of his countrymen, and hardly supported there by the strength of the Empire.

Here in England in the present day we cannot combat the claims of Orangeism with gravity. A jest, a laugh, or a smile of wonder, is the only reply we now have for any one who is silly enough to be a conscientious advocate of its exploded absurdities. As for those who support it from interested motives—and we fear they are not a few—we can only wait for the inevitable time, which we heartily hope may not be long in coming, when they will be things of the past, interred for ever with innumerable other noisome products which once cumbered the earth. But, of late, we feel bound to say, that Orangeism seems—if we may credit its apparent lack of present pugnacity—to have been seized for the nonce with an unwonted fit of good sense. Its offences have for some time past been comparatively venial; and the authors of these offences have in nearly every case been men whose intellect and position unfits them even for the minor rôle of petty agitators. The side, then, usually most aggressive leaves us some room for hope; but to show that the words *hope* and *Ireland* have little connection the Ultramontane party seems to have resumed all their pristine energy of impudence. The motto of this party has apparently been from time immemorial "Give us an inch and we will take an ell." Never has one concession been granted to them but they have forthwith asked for two more; never has their political enemy

suffered a slight punishment, but they have clamoured for his head. We are not, of course, laying much stress upon the silly work before us, but a straw may show how the wind blows, and a donkey has ere this done mischief. We are not disposed to think one whit the more despairingly of the future of Ireland because Père Adolphe Perraud has expended several francs in the purchase of Irish Ultramontane diatribes and blue-books, and has served up the former entire for the delectation of his readers, while he has excised from the latter everything which did not make for his brief. Howls or whines about the sorrows of the Island of Saints; the virtue of the Irish peasant; the eloquence of the Irish orator; the purity of the Irish patriot, have for some time past begun to fall rather flatly upon hearers untuned by whisky and interested motives. The world is at length beginning to think that, if the sainted island in question has her sorrows, she has herself pretty much to thank for them, at least of late years; and the praise of the virtues of peasants who shoot their landlords, and of patriots whose price in the market is at a discount, sounds ludicrously in our sober Anglo-Saxon tongue, whatever it may do in that of the Teagues of Connaught. Over and over again have all impartial readers of history admitted that to the Irish of the past has much and bitter injustice been done; but the wrongs suffered by their forefathers have too long served as a stock-in-trade for modern Irish agitators. What "the reading public of France and the Continent"—for whom as we learn Père Adolphe Perraud especially intends his lucubrations—may think of them we know not, but we do know that to give us this *réchauffé* of facts, fiction, and rhodomontade, the reverend gentleman need never have left the shelter of the chamber in which he composes, we suppose, his ordinary discourses for the pulpit. Whether he ever really visited Ireland we know not, neither do we much care. As we said before, he has evidently written from his brief, and the result of his labours would have been more formidable to the peace and prosperity of the empire had he not overdone his part, and had he given his readers an occasional respite from the monotony of eulogy with which he bespatters the Irish Ultramontanes. Just at present, however, we fear that the majority of the natives of these islands are not disposed to accept his interesting clients at the high value which he places upon them. We remember that within the last eighteen months the Island of Saints has witnessed within its borders the perpetration of several murders indubitably savage; and we recollect that even at this very hour, thanks to a "peasantry, their country's pride," a bog or cabin has the honour of giving shelter to one of the basest wretches who ever defied the justice of an empire. We have not forgotten the so-called Catholic University procession; and, to come to more recent events, we have not forgotten the insults which some of the "Catholic young men" of Cork and Dublin united with such edifying heartiness in offering towards their Queen on the occasion of her son's marriage. This being so, Father Adolphe Perraud's panegyrics fall somewhat flatly on our ears. If these be the deeds of saints, take these saints, say we, to France, to Paris, to the Oratory of the Immaculate Conception, to anywhere out of these islands. We may possibly make something out of a sinner, however bad; but a saint who shoots his landlord, and outrages his unoffending Queen, will, to our taste, profit little by other conversion than such as may be produced by an hour's suspension on the gallows.

In glancing over these pages, we are again reminded for the thousandth time, that well-meaning bigotry ever furnishes its adversaries with the heaviest weapons against that cause which it seeks to aid. As might be expected, Father Perraud serves up again the Partry evictions, for the benefit of "the reading public of France and the Continent;" and enlarges, with permissible gusto, upon the sorry spectacle of a Protestant prelate ejecting from house and home whole families of, doubtless, not very desirable tenants. If Bishop Plunkett cast his eyes over Père Perraud's pages, he will see his unfortunate misdeeds served up and regarnished for the edification of the public, with that superfine malice which is seen in its most piquant form, when one clergyman rebukes the errors of another from what he is pleased to call purely Christian motives.

M. Perraud seems to be one who insists upon looking at a gift-horse in the mouth. He says, very truly in one sense, that the Catholic Emancipation Bill was "a concession extorted by force." Hence," adds the rev. gentleman, "the little thanks returned for such concessions; indeed, we see no very great obligation to gratitude that can bind the man who owes the little justice and liberty that he enjoys to the influence of fear alone." We fear very much that, if after all, M. Perraud could persuade the Protestant landlords of Ireland to surrender the fee simple of their landed estates—which he plainly states would only be right, inasmuch as their ancestors were not the original possessors of the soil—he would, when the deed was done, make taunting allusions to the brachial muscles of "the Catholic young men of Ireland," and hint that the landlords deserved no gratitude for their sacrifice, inasmuch as it was solely owing to the threatening propinquity of the aforesaid muscles.

M. Perraud is intensely indignant again that the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland cannot be of the Roman Catholic creeds—indignation which we shall not attempt to appease.

He also proves (page 17) that, taking the wealth and population of Ireland into account, it ought in common justice to send 256 members to the House of Commons. Justice is blind, says the ancient proverb; and we confess that we, for the nonce, are extremely glad of this imperfection, seeing that if that illustrious personage did her

duty, and gave us 256 Irish senators, instead of considerably less than half, we should run the risk of having too much of a good thing, and should, perhaps, hardly value it as it deserved. Père Perraud, too, quotes with strong approbation the following righteous complaint addressed by one of the present Irish members of the House of Commons to a patriotic Dublin assembly some two years ago: "When an Irish member rises to give expression to the sentiments of patriotism which animates the great mass of our countrymen, he is received with disapprobation. . . . We are mere delegates; we are permitted to state the wants and wishes of our constituents, but whether those wants are to be attended to, or those wishes complied with, depends upon the favour of a number of Englishmen, who look at every question from an English point of view." Our fancy fails us when we picture to ourselves 256 O'Donoghues in the House of Commons "looking at every question from an Irish point of view." As Father Perraud tells us that this is what justice to Ireland requires, we say heartily, "Long live Injustice, and may her shadow never be less." Mr. V. Scully (also quoted with approbation by M. Perraud) makes the very odd complaint that "Irish members have no influence at all out of the House of Commons." On the principle, therefore, that two noughts when added together only amount to zero, we are forced to come to the saddening conclusion that these unhappy gentlemen have no influence anywhere. A carper might say that Mr. V. Scully occasionally makes a very considerable amount of noise in the wilds of Tipperary. We learn, however, from his own tongue, the confession that he is without influence among his interesting constituents.

Here again is a specimen of the "discoorse" which in true Hibernian fashion, Père Perraud produces for the benefit of "the reading public of France and the Continent." "An Englishman would feel humiliated at being called an Irishman, one of that nation which he is used to see treated in the London papers as a nation of paupers and bigots. To call an Irishman an Englishman would be to offer him a mortal insult; you would see him gather himself proudly up, and add to the cry of 'Erin-go-Bragh!' a curse upon the rapacious and odious Sassenach." We should have thought the preceding a piece of genuine Milesian, did not the reverend Frenchman give it to us as his own composition pure and unadulterated.

From the subtle affinity which the effusion bears to those of Messrs. Scully and O'Donoghue, we are almost inclined to think that Perraud is a corruption of Patrick (not the Saint), and that the ancestors of the reverend gentleman hailed originally from some healthy Tipperary bog, as may be seen from the vigour with which their descendant anathematizes "the rapacious and odious Sassenach." "Who does not know," indignantly asks this Gallo-Hibernian, "that the children of Erin have proved their prowess on all fields of battle? Who knows not that every banner intrusted to their hands has received an additional halo of glory; the lily standard of Louis XV. at Fontenoy, the Spanish banner at Tetuan and Tangier, our own tricolour oriflamme at Malakoff and Magenta, and still more lately the Pontifical standard at Spoleto and Ancona?" This burst of eloquence is called forth by the recollection that rifle volunteers are not permitted in Ireland; "the rapacious and odious Sassenach" apparently not having yet forgotten that when he did put arms into the hands of "the children of Erin," the said children seemed very much disposed to use him as they ordinarily do their landlords.

Father Perraud has moreover made the discovery that "an agrarian revolution" is being concocted by Englishmen, "to introduce everywhere grazing and stock-breeding; as a necessary condition of this system is to keep the population at a low figure, and to drive to America or Australia what they are pleased to term the surplus, &c." We wish M. Perraud no worse fortune than that of turning or trying to turn corn-grower in the West of Ireland, where the constant rains produce wheat-stalks as gigantic in size as unproductive in ear; and where turnips and mangold-wurzels growing to the size of pumpkins, and a never-ending succession of the sweetest and most succulent grasses, are much more likely than English landowners to bring about "an agrarian revolution."

We suppose our readers have now had nearly enough of Father Perraud's lucubrations. Setting out with an earnest profession that he only intends to speak the truth, he never by any chance deviates into impartiality; but, throughout the whole five hundred heavy pages before us, writes like an unscrupulous partisan. Whether he has ever really been to Ireland, we know not; although we do know that he might very well have written every word in this volume, without having quitted his cure of souls. We have, of course, the old grievance of the Established Church in Ireland served up again. We are not going to defend this anomaly; but we more than doubt whether the Irish Roman Catholic peasant, the special client of Père Perraud, would benefit by the chasing of all Protestant clergymen from Ireland. We can tell the French critic that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if Phelim or Patrick is sick in body or in mind, he does not go to his Roman Catholic priest, but to that Protestant clergyman whom he is taught to consider such an arch heretic. The former will doubtless be invited to perform certain brief ceremonies over his corpse, for which he will be paid in money; but the latter will in all probability have much the most to do with his living body, for which he will receive no other reward than the consciousness of having done a good deed. Did we care to argue with the prejudiced author of these pages, we might point out that if the young Irishman cannot legally be Lord Lieutenant or Lord Chancellor in his native land,

England, with an unparalleled, and, we believe, with a most sagacious liberality, has thrown open to him all her magnificent appointments in India, and has made him just as free as her own most favoured sons of all the civil and military appointments which are now periodically competed for.

We have come, with considerable reluctance, to the conclusion that Father Perraud has either written, in these pages, on topics of which he is entirely ignorant, or that he is a very unscrupulous manipulator of facts.

DR. FISCHEL ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The English Constitution. By Dr. EDWARD FISCHEL. Translated from the Second German Edition, by RICHARD JENERY SHEE, of the Inner Temple. London: Bosworth and Harrison. pp. 592.

LAST SUMMER, an Englishman went on a tour through Germany in search of "the picturesque," and of such stray matters of information as might shape themselves conveniently into a volume or two. As he went along, note-book in hand, he met a youth, blue-eyed, long-haired, and otherwise very artistic-romantic-looking, who was lying on the borders of a stream, deeply engaged in a ponderous octavo. Thinking the subject fit for the extraction of a chapter of Teutonic legend-lore, our traveller politely inquired after the title of the heavy volume. "Ah," sighed the youth, "I am studying a work on the English Constitution." Not long after, in one of the most elegant salons of Berlin, the English tourist was introduced to a bewitching young damsel, the incarnation of all the ethereal beauties of Schiller and Jean Paul. He tried hard to make her acquaintance, but with little success, for she was always reading. At last he made bold to inquire the name of the fortunate author or authors possessing the power of so deeply enchaining her attention. The lady looked up at the questioner with a glance of astonishment, slightly mixed with contempt, and exclaimed: "Why, don't you know I am reading a book on the English Constitution." Our Englishman shuddered and rushed away, not stopping till he had reached the banks of the Rhine. At a small town, not far from Cologne, he made his first halt, and, it being the evening of a wet day, inquired of the landlord after any amusements which the place might offer. "Ha!" cried Boniface, "you are extremely lucky to arrive at this particular moment. The famous Professor Gottlieb Federfuecher has just come to us on a visit, and has engaged the Town-hall, where he is going to lecture this very evening on the English Constitution."

It seems there is nothing "so fashionable" just now in Germany as the English constitution. Poor Germans! they have some excuse for their sudden idolatry. Having tried many home-grown constitutions these thirty years, and found none of them water-tight, they look naturally with longing eyes upon the British article, as the temple under which liberty-seeking minds may find shelter against brutal despotism and ignorant bureaucracy. The Teutonic examination of the British constitution, therefore, is something very legitimate, and, however distasteful it must be to tourists in search of the picturesque, appears quite natural even to youths with long hair, and poetical young ladies. It is the less reprehensible, as the study is evidently *gründlich*—a thorough one. The Germans possess half a dozen works on the laws and liberties of England, each of them more philosophical and more exhaustive than any one in our own language. And this is the case, to an eminent degree, with the latest publication on the subject, Dr. Fischel's work on the English Constitution. The book, although only published last year, has already become so popular with German readers, as to have passed through two editions in the course of six months. The fame thus acquired has now brought into life an English translation, published with the somewhat prosaic object of "affording to the citizen that information which is so absolutely necessary for the faithful discharge of the manifold duties of public life." Dr. Fischel certainly did not write his book for this cockney purpose.

Dr. Fischel's work may be described, in short, as an analytical sketch of the edifice of English law and its workings, with philosophical reflections based thereupon. The book is divided into eight parts, relating, first, to the Political Rights of Persons; secondly, the Rights of the Crown; thirdly, the Civil Government; fourthly, the State Church; fifthly, the Judicature; sixthly, the Local Administrative Government; seventhly, the Parliament; and, finally, the Legal Relations of the British Colonies. These chapters are preceded by an introduction, containing a rapid outline of the growth of British laws and liberties. "The English constitution," the author truly remarks, "is not the result of conquest achieved by a people in revolt, nor is it derived from any act of grace of a liberal prince. . . . It is something more than a constitution in the ordinary acceptance—than a mere fundamental State-law ratified by document and solemnly sealed." Following a simile of Paley's, Dr. Fischel compares the constitution to "one of those old mansions which, instead of being built all at once after a regular plan, and according to the rules of architecture at present established, has been reared in different ages of the art, has been altered from time to time, and has been continually receiving additions and repairs suited to the taste, fortune, or convenience of its successive proprietors." It may be thought from this passage that the author is one of those indiscriminate admirers of English institutions, of which there are so many in his country, and upon whom the title of Anglo-maniacs is commonly bestowed. But Dr. Fischel, in nearly all his remarks, tempers

zeal with judgment, and in some instances, really rises to the height of philosophical contemplation, giving vent to reflections not unworthy of a De Tocqueville or Hallam. Speaking of the present state of Great Britain, the author exclaims, with striking eloquence: "The external results of aristocratic rule in Parliament are singularly significant; England has become the first naval power in the world, and, dating from the eighteenth century, the sun does not set upon her possessions. In a struggle protracted through twenty-three years with little interruption, the Island Kingdom made head against the French Revolution and Bonaparte, and succeeded in emerging triumphant from the giant contest. Commerce, industry, and the power of invention are raised to a higher level than history has hitherto witnessed. But as gloomy shadows in the background, rise up pauperism, the misery of the lower classes, and national debt. . . . Whole tracts of land in England are withheld from cultivation and pasturage, and laid out in extensive parks." Worth reflection, also, is the following concluding passage: "The English constitution, exhibited as the result of all these various phases of development, now shows us the royal power as virtually declining. Since 1641 the Crown has merged its distinctive prerogative in the Parliament; over the Government of the State are virtually placed as guardians, not the servants, of the Crown, but a select section of the majority in Parliament, in other words, the 'Cabinet.'"

One of the most remarkable parts of Dr. Fischel's work is the seventh chapter, entitled "The Parliament." The author here shows that he clearly understands the bane of the present political life of England—the government by parties, or rather by cliques. He shrewdly remarks that one of the chief results of this system is, that there is no such thing at present as a personal responsibility of ministers. The "Cabinet" being utterly unknown to the constitution, and yet exercising a tremendous power, has become a form of despotism against which all opposition is powerless. The action of government thus resolves itself into a play between two opposite parties, the "ins" and "outs," either of them trying to grasp the source of power lying within the magic circle of the "Cabinet." Dr. Fischel notices that the custom of holding "Cabinet Councils," without the presence of the sovereign, originated from the fact of George I. not understanding English. His successors, who did understand English, were simply not asked to be present at these conclaves, and the system, exceedingly convenient to ministers, though undoubtedly fraught with danger to constitutional life, soon acquired force by age, growing into an "institution." Our newspapers nowadays register the holding of Cabinet Councils as regularly and as innocently as if they were matters of the strictest legal purport, about which there existed no doubt whatever. Yet Hallam already remarks, "The Cabinet itself having no legal existence, and its members being not amenable to punishment in their simple capacity of privy councillors, which they generally share in modern times with a great many of their adversaries, there is no tangible character to which responsibility is attached."

Dr. Fischel lays due stress upon the important fact that not only has the impeachment of ministers, but also all effective control over the transactions of certain departments, been destroyed by means of party government. The protection which the "out" and the "in" play affords is so great, and extends so far in all directions, that under its shelter almost any number of political enormities and social jobberies may be perpetrated. It is the "live and let live" system on its widest immoral basis; the "ins" may be "outs" to-morrow, and *vice versa*, and they well understand that it would be downright imbecility to pry too closely into each other's secrets. But Dr. Fischel is sanguine enough to think that party government is fast drawing to an end. He believes the "Manchester men" and the "Irish Brigade" have done much towards bringing about this desirable object. "One thing cannot be gainsaid," he exclaims, "the period of great majorities has temporarily gone by, and, coincidentally, the period of settled party principles. Hence Parliamentary government has entered into new phases which, from their undefined nature, cannot yet adequately be appreciated."

The author of the "English Constitution" is, strange to say, not an unlimited admirer of the great "bulwark of British liberties—the Press." He hints, more than he says, that much of the "public opinion" set afloat by the thousand-tongued voice of the giant is a sad sham. It all comes to this, he says: "Many an Englishman fancies that he may some day be summoned to govern the councils of Great Britain; as, however, some preliminary study is needful to manage the affairs of an empire which comprises 220,000,000 of subjects, the public require a leader, and find their convenient instructor in the daily papers, which are up in every matter, and are ever ready with an opinion, whether true or false, or half true, upon every possible topic; and thus is every subject of the realm, without the cost of any previous effort, qualified to get up his daily share of 'public opinion' upon Jamaica and Vancouver's Island, India and the Prussian criminal code, or Herr von Schleinitz and Nana Sahib." There is great need in England, Dr. Fischel thinks, of a honest, political monitor for the uneducated masses, and the half-educated middle classes; and a real free press, therefore, would be an inexpressible boon. "This nation," he says, "more than any other, stands in need of guidance. The *Times*, fully understanding this, allows Englishmen, apparently, to think for themselves; on which account, and also by reason of the large capital at its command, it has driven almost all other journals out of the field." The learned German Professor draws consolation out of this fact.

He believes that "an influence thus originating out of commercial undertakings, and which partly reflects and partly creates opinion—at times, indeed, intentionally distorting or falsifying facts—must naturally tend to disorganise party system and Parliamentary government." This seems not quite so "natural" as Dr. Fischel thinks, and he probably might modify his opinion were he a little more intimately acquainted with the inner working of the "leading organ," and the way in which the engine is handled by the master spirits in the political arena. But Dr. Fischel has no doubt that, in regard to foreign politics at least, the English people are played with like children. "Parliament," he says, "as with every great assembly, is little calculated to rend asunder the web of secret diplomacy, simply from the fact of its not being able to enter into the intricate details of diplomatic negotiations. In every other department of its government the nation insists on being made acquainted with the progress of legislation; in foreign affairs, alone, it submits to be led in the dark. This pernicious system of secrecy (which is continually asserted, but never proved to be necessary) shelters the incompetency of diplomatists, renders England too often the victim of foreign fraud, and the unconscious agent of foreign tyranny; and what is, perhaps, the worst result of all, habituates the people to regard international laws as compacts to which they are not parties, and respecting which they have, therefore, no moral obligations."

WILLS.

Wills from Doctors' Commons; a Selection from the Wills of Eminent Persons proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 1495-1695.
Edited by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS and JOHN BRUCE. Printed for the Camden Society. pp. 175.

FOR SOME YEARS PAST, a well-known and justly-popular weekly contemporary has been in the habit of regaling its readers with brief summaries of the most remarkable wills proved at Doctors' Commons. At one time it was stated that this was furnished in spite of and against the regulations of the Prerogative Office, and that the most stringent means had been taken by the officials to detect the delinquent who so treacherously betrayed the secrets of the prison house, but in vain. We never gave much faith to this story; because really, if you come to think of it, who, but the officials themselves, are the persons interested in keeping these matters secret? To Jack Spendthrift, perhaps, it might be just as well to keep his creditors from the knowledge of that pleasant little windfall of 10,000*l.* which his uncle has left him; but, nowadays, when Mr. Stubbs and the Trades Protection Societies are so busily employed in keeping the British shopkeeper well posted in all his customer's affairs, facts of that kind are not easily hidden under a bushel. The public at large has little interest in the matter, except, indeed, that general interest which everybody feels to know everybody else's business. Besides, any one by going to Doctor's Commons and paying a shilling might have anybody else's will to read over quietly at leisure, and on further payment might be furnished with an attested copy to keep of that document. We can imagine, therefore, no one but the officials who were directly interested in the receipt of these fees who could at all object to the publicity given to the contents of celebrated wills.

The collection before us, however, which has just been issued by the Camden Society, possesses a title to our respect of which the wills which are paraded before the public cannot invariably boast. They are distinguished by something better than the mere amount of consols or landed property which they dispose of. They are by persons who have made their mark in history, and whose names occupy conspicuous positions in the muster-rolls of their times. It is but just to the Camden Society to record that this volume is the first fruits of a strenuous movement conducted by the society to throw open the treasures of the Wills Office to the literary world. Animated, no doubt, by the lust of fees, the Wills Office at Doctor's Commons had come to deserve the condemnation levelled at it by the editors of this volume, as "the only depository of historical documents in which there was no feeling whatever in favour of literature and historical inquiry; an office from the authorities of which the Council of the Camden Society wholly failed to obtain, on behalf of literature, even the smallest modification of their restrictive regulations; an office in which, in recent times, there was no one who could read or transcribe many of the documents which were there preserved; whilst absurd restrictions, framed upon the principle of securing a payment at every turn, drove persons who consulted the registers to contrivances the most ludicrous for fixing in their memories a date, an incident, an amount, or a name which happened to occur in a will." The changes which have lately occurred in the constitution of the Wills Office, by the institution of the Court of Probate, have, however, put all this right, and the Camden Society is especially jubilant at a reform which it attributes (and not without much apparent justice) to its own energy. "On the institution of the Court of Probate, the Camden Society again took the field. Aided, as before, by the Society of Antiquaries, and by many eminent literary persons, a letter was addressed to Sir Creswell Creswell, which set before him the nature of the evils complained of. He at once admitted the principle that documents which have none but literary uses ought to be accessible to literary men. For a short time want of space prevented his putting his views in execution, but no sooner was the obstacle overcome than he at once made the necessary arrangements. A room has been set apart for literary inquirers,

permission of consultation, down to the year 1700, is given to all persons searching for purely literary purposes, and the department has been placed under the control of a gentleman whose courtesy to all applicants, and anxiety to assist their researches, stands in curious contrast with the treatment to which literature was exposed in that same building in times now happily past." Of the literary wealth thus opened to the historian and the antiquarian this interesting volume may be taken as the earnest.

It contains altogether thirty-two last wills and testaments. The most celebrated testators, whose final dispositions of their worldly goods are here recorded, are Cecily, Duchess of York, the mother of Edward IV.; Dame Maude Parr, the mother of Henry VIII.'s sixth wife; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the companion-at-arms of Henry VIII.; Bishop Gardiner and Cardinal Pole; Sir Francis Drake; Casaubon, the great scholar; John Hampden; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia; Speaker Lenthall; Sir John Denham; William Prynne; Lilly, the astrologist; Sir Peter Lely, the painter; Prince Rupert; Baxter, the Puritan; and Henry Purcell, the musician.

The will of the Duchess of York (dated 1495) gives a good idea of the loose state of spelling at that time, even among the best instructed. Thus we have "holigost" for the Holy Ghost; "knolege" for knowledge; "sawter" for psalter; "squillery" for scullery; and "velem" for vellum. The word crimson is spelt "crymeson," "crymyson," "crymysyn," and "crymsyn." Dame Parr's will is not much better spelt. Katherine, the future Queen, has some handsome parcels of jewellery bequeathed to her:

I will and bequethe to my daughter Katherine these parcelles folowyng, that ys to say, xij^{xx} perles of ijs. a pece. Item, xv^{xx} and vj perles of iij^d. a pece, a crosse of diamontes with one perle hanging therat. Item, an eme of diamontes with thre perles therat. Item, xvij. diamontes sett with fryers knottes. Item, a floure with a bales and a perle therat. Item, a ring with a great pointid diamont sett with blake aniell. Item, a ring with a table diamont sett with blake aniell. Item, a ring with a table diamont sett with blake aniell, meate for my litle finger. Item, a payer of braselettes, chayne fashion, with ij. jacentes in them. Item, a small flatte chayn, the oon linke enameled with blake and the other without. Item, another small flatte chayne without enamele. Item, a pair of beades of lignum alewaiet. Item, a payer of beades of corall with white crosse. Item, a tablet with pictours of the Kinge and the Queane. Item, a payer of greute beades of mother of perle. Item, a litle ring with a poyntid diamont sett with black enamel. Item, a tablet wyth reliquis (Memorandum, that my daughter Katherine hath certeyne parcelles of this hir bequest in her hande, as apperythe by a byll ended betwixt hir and me.) Item, I will and bequethe to my daughter Anne these parcelles folowing, that ys to say, ix^{xx} and x. perles of ijs. a pece. Item, xij^{xx} peerles at iij^d. the pece. Item, a Katherine wheale of diamontes with iij. perlys sett in yt. Item, a mullett of diamontes sett in maregolde, and one perle at yt. Item, a floure with an emorode and a ruby and oon perle hanging therat. Item, two ringes with ij. table diamontes, oon sett in white enamel and the other in golde. Item, a diamont sett in stare with one perle at yt. Item, a short flatte chayne with blacke enamel. Item, another small chayne with blacke enamel. Item, a tablett with a picture graven of Saint Gregory. Item, a payer of beades of golde. Item, a payre of beades of mother of perle with a pipe of golde rynyng thorough them. Item, a payer of beades of jacentes with white scriptures and beades of golde betwixt them.

The will of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, is a rigid, straightforward, honest, soldier-like document, just such a one as might have been expected from so true and valiant a knight. He makes it, he declares, "being of hole and perfite memory, considering the greute ambiguities, doubttes, and questiones that dayly to ryse and growe in last willes." To the King, his old companion in arms, he makes the following present: "I will and freele give to the Kinges highnes a cuppe of golde of the value of one hundredth poundes, and the same cuppe to be made of my collar of the Garter, being of the value aforesaid." This will is a very long one, and disposes with great minuteness of the vast estates which Henry bestowed upon his favourite on the confiscation of the property belonging to the monasteries, estates situate in the counties of Lancaster, Lincoln, Warwick, and Leicester, and in the metropolis. His house, on whose site Suffolk-street, Haymarket, now stands, is described as "my house at Charinge Crosse, without the citie of London, called Suffolk Place." Most of the estates specified in this will are described as "belonging and apperteyning to the said late monasteries."

Cardinal Pole's will is in Latin. Sir Thomas Gresham's is long and minute. The worthy merchant-knight prefaces his setting his house in order with a reflection of "howe certteyne it is that all mankinde shall leve and depart ought of this transitorye lieffe, and how uncertteyne the tyme and mannor thereof is, and for dispossinge of sicke goodes as it haithe pleased Almightye God to make me possesse in this worlde in soche wyse as the same may be to Godes glorye and to the quyeat of soche as after my death shallbe intited to have the same wythe ought contention, doe therefore macke and declare my teastament and last will in mannor and forme folloinge." After providing handsomely for all the members of his family, including handsome legacies to his apprentices and servants, Sir Thomas disposes of his "billdings in London, called the Royall Exchaunge," and thus provides for what are now known as the Gresham Professorships:

And I will and disposses that after soche tyme as the one moietye of the said Royall Exchaunge and other premisses, accordinge to th'entent and meynings of this preassens, shall come to the said maier and corporacione of the said cite, and from thence so longe as they and their successors shall by anye meynnes or tittle have, houlde, or enjoye the same, they and their successors every yere shall geve and distribute to and for the sustentacione, maintenance, and findinge fowr persons, from tyme to tyme to be chosen, nomyntid, appointid, by the said maier and comenaltye and citizeans and there succes-

sors, meate to reade the lectures of Devinitie, Astronymy, Musicke, and Geometrye, within my owen dwellinge howse in the parrishe of St. Hellyn's in Bishopegate streete and in St. Petter's the power in the cite of London (the moyetye whereof hereafter in this my last will is by me limited and disposed unto the said maier and comenaltye and citizeans of the said cite) the some of towne hundred poundes of lawfull monny of Ingland in mannor and forme folloinge, videlicet, to everie of the said readders for the time beinge the some of fiftie poundes of lawfull monny of Englande yerly for there sallaries and styppendes mete for fower sufficientlye lerned to reade the said lectures.

Subsequently there is a provision, out of the other moiety, for lectures "on Lawe, Phisicke, and Rhetorick," which are to be delivered in his own dwelling-house in the parish of St. Helen's, in Bishopgate-street. Provision is also made for almshouses, to be set up in the same parish.

The will of Isaac Casaubon is a pious and sober document. The great scholar begins by declaring that "there beinge nothinge more certaine to man than death, and nothinge more uncertaine than the houre thereof, and desyringe to provide that Death surprise mee not before I make my latter will, bavinge as yett by the mercie of God, the use of all my senses and of my reason, understandinge, and judgement, I have thought it necessary shortly to declare myne estate and latter will as followes." Casaubon divided his property among his wife and children. He also left "to the French Church assembled in London five and twenty French crownes. And to the poore of this parish where I dwell five French crownes. To the library of the Frenche Church in London foure of my greatest bookes among the Fathers, and my Gregory Nyssen, Manuscript." A remarkable bequest is the following: "To the sonne who walkinge in the fear of God shalbe fittest to sustaine my family I doe give the cup of Mr. Scaliger of moste happie memory."

The will of Sir Hugh Middleton, the founder of the New River (dated 1631) is an interesting document. By the following clause he disposes of so much of that property as was in his possession:

And for and concerning all my partes and shares of and in the New River and waterworkes brought from Shadwell and Amwell in the countie of Hartford to the city of London, my will and meaninge is, and I doe hereby give and bequeath all my said partes and shares in the said waterworkes, together with the rentes, arrerages of rentes, and profits of them, and every of them, to my said lovinge wife Dame Elizabeth Middleton, to have and to hould for and dureinge her naturall life; and if the moneys arisinge out of the sale and profits of the messuages, landes, and tenementes appointed to bee sold, and the Mynes Royall aforesaid, and all my other personall estate, shall not prove sufficient to pay all my debtes and legacies, then my further will and meaninge is, and I doe hereby give full power and authoritie to my executrix hereafter named, to sell fower of the said partes and shares, or so many of the said fower shares as shalbe sufficient to raise moneys sufficient to make payment of the residue of my debtes and legacies which shall soe happen to be unpaid; and after the decease of my said wife Dame Elizabeth I give and bequeath one part and share of the said river and waterworkes to my sonne William Middleton and his heires; and one other part and share of the said river and waterworkes I give to my sonne Henry Middleton and his heires; and one other part and share of the said river and waterworkes I give to my sonne Simon Middleton * and his heires; and one other part or share of the said river and waterworkes I give to my daughter Elizabeth and her heires; and one other part or share of the said river and waterworkes I give to my daughter Anne Middleton and her heires; and one other part or share of the said river or waterworkes I give and bequeath to Richard Rogers, — Terry, Walter Merrell, John Williams, John Hawes, Richard Millard, John Gravett, William Cuttes, John Acton, and Robert Hooke, cittizens and goldsmiths of London, and their successors assistants of the Company of Goldsmithes, London, for ever; upon trust and confidence that the profits of the said part and share shalbe by them disposed and disbursed in mander and forme folloinge, that is to say: every halfe yeare after the decease of my said wife in weekly portions of twelve pence a pece to the poore of the said Company of Goldsmiths of the said cite, by the discretion of the wardens and assistantes of the said company for the tyme being, or the greater number of them, and especiallie to such poore men of my name, kindred, or countrymen as are or shalbe free of the said companie; and for the better declaration of what partes are here ment and intended to be devised as aforesaid, I doe hereby declare that the one halfe of the waterworkes are divided into sixe and thirty partes or shares, thirteene of which partes or shares are to my selfe belonginge and are in the name of my selfe and other feoffees in trust to my use and the profits by me received, and therefore my meaninge is that the sixe severall partes or shares hereby devised and given are sixe of the partes and shares of my said thirteene partes and noe other.

The will of Speaker Lenthall tends to contradict the frequent assertion that he accumulated a large fortune. It is a pious and humbly-worded document, and the sums with which it deals are by no means considerable. He desires that no monument shall be erected to him, "but at the utmost a plaine stone with this superscription onley, 'VERMIS SUM.'" He directs payment out of his estate of 800*l.*, which he had borrowed of his brother, and also of some other debts. He allows three years for the payment of his debts out of his estate, and leaves a small sum to be "preserved as a stock to be lent out to poore tradesmen in Burford that have served their apprenticeship in that towne, to be lent by several sums as my heire and the bayliffes of the said borough shall find it most charitable."

Sir Peter Lely left behind him a large fortune, all made upon his easel, of which he disposes by his will. His manor of Willingham, in the county of Lincoln, he leaves in strict settlement; three thousand pounds to his daughter Anne, and two thousand to his "deare sister Katherina Maria." The will of Richard Baxter, the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" is an eloquent testimony to high-minded conscientiousness. Altogether the whole collection is of great value, both for the historical information and the significant indications of individual character which it contains.

* Said to have been father of Sir Hugh, created a Baronet in 1681: see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXII., p. 900.

YACHTING IN THE BALTIC.

A Yachting Cruise in the Baltic. By S. R. GRAVES, Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. London: Longman and Co. pp. 399.

WE KNOW OF NO MORE DELIGHTFUL APPLICATION OF WEALTH AND LEISURE than that which many gentlemen of this country put them to by fitting up a yacht, taking to themselves the "wings of the wind," and betaking themselves, if not to the uttermost parts of the earth, to countries which it must be very pleasant to visit. The trip, of which such an excellent account is to be found in this volume, is a capital example of the way in which this privilege may be enjoyed, and we must confess that seldom has the demon of envy more thoroughly controlled us than after reading these pages. It is not very many months ago since the writer of these lines saw Mr. Graves and his beautiful *Ierne* under the coast of Arran; the interval has been spent by the one in sometimes dull, often ungrateful, and usually not too remunerative toil; while the other has been free to take his trim and beautiful little vessel the most delightful cruise up the Baltic, visiting Copenhagen, Stockholm, Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, and afterwards (as far as himself and his apparently pleasant companion "the Doctor" were concerned) the ancient capital of Russia known as Holy Mother Moscow.

"Hard and uneven seems the lot of fate."

When Mr. Graves and his friend passed through Glasgow on their way to join the *Ierne*, via the Crinan Canal, the ballad-singers were singing about the murder of Jessie MacPherson, from which the chronological reader will gather that he started in the middle of the summer of 1862. In point of fact, it was the 8th of July when the party embarked on board the *Ierne* at Banavie, and entered the first lock of the Caledonian Canal on the way to Inverness. This part of the journey seems to have been tedious; but two days afterwards, at eight in the evening, they cast off their last rope at the sea-lock, and "the wind rapidly freshening from the N.N.W., the playful *Ierne* kicked up her heels with pleasure, at feeling herself released from the odious confinement of the fresh-water locks, and began to show signs of life, sending the sprays over the quarter-deck without the slightest respect for its occupants." One of the earliest of the many pleasant incidents at sea (after the qualms of sickness had been fairly overcome) was a little deep-sea fishing, to which the Doctor soon became a convert:

When we reached the deck, we found the men on watch discussing the chances of fair or foul weather from the aspect of the rising sun, which began to peep over the bright-tinted horizon with more than usual brilliancy, as the fishing-lines were lowered over the stern. We patiently wait to see whether the spoon or the red cloth will prove the most tempting bait. We are not long in suspense—a steady drag on the port-line tells us that the glittering spoon has done its work. The first mackerel is always a prize; and it enabled us to throw aside the artificial, and use the natural lash, the most killing of all baits. A few more solitary fish were taken at short intervals, and were, no doubt, the rear-guard of the scull, which we soon came up with; the fish were ravenous, and the sport good, so long as we could maintain way enough upon the yacht to keep the lash rapidly spinning near the surface.

As eight bells rang out the wind dropped; and having all the appearance of a calm, we reeled up, and reckoned our fish; over thirteen dozen lay about the sterns, still rich in the last fading hues of their gorgeous colours. At this moment our friend the Doctor came on deck, unconscious of our morning's occupation, exclaiming: "What splendid fish! but, do you call this sport?"

"Yes! and you would have called it so too, had you witnessed the struggles of those fish, and how often the victory was undecided up to the last moment. Never was the old saying about the cup and the lip better exemplified, for the skipper lost six fish before he secured one."

"That may be quite true, but there is no art in it," responded the Doctor.

"Ay! that is a favourite theory with the lovers of the rod and reel, who, after wandering under a broiling sun by limpid streams, through sylvan groves, and mountain moor, think themselves fortunate if they bring back a small basket of grass and troutlings! I have tried both, and give me the line and lash amongst a North Sea scull, in one of Fife's saucy fore and afters, 'with the blue above and the blue below,' and the world warmed up by such a gorgeous sun as rose this morning!"

"Breakfast, Sir!" said the steward, and our discussion was cut short.

The heavy flapping of the mainsail tells us that the expected calm has come, and so we found it on coming again on deck. We lay motionless on the water, and, keen for more sport, I directed the skipper to take a cast of the deep-sea lead.

Forty-five fathoms were reported—sand and shells—"Then we are crossing the tail of the bank, and, unless I am much mistaken, on good fishing-ground for cod."

The deep-sea line, with cross-bar and hooks, baited with the freshly-caught mackerel, were soon over, and we had the gratification of seeing the incredulous Doctor laboriously hauling up his line with evident delight.

"This is no joke; how he pulls!" cried our excited friend, as about two-thirds of the line came up. "I declare there is no end to this line! Why, there are two of them!" and sure enough there were; two hands with gaffs were soon at his side, and in a few seconds more two magnificent cod were landed on deck.

"Hurrah! for the deep-sea line!" said our learned friend, as he extricated the hooks from the monsters. "This is sport, let who will gainsay it!"

A light air from the E.S.E. some time after sprang up; and as we could not keep our lines on the ground, we knocked off, but not before we had taken thirty-six cod and ten dog-fish.

Round the Skaw and the *Ierne* finds herself within the Kattegat, picking its way among the numerous fishing-boats which, in spite of the heavy weather, were out plying their trade between the Skagen and the Island of Anholt. Next day they were becalmed and took to a little scientific dredging, and at nine o'clock at night passed "the castle and town of Elsinöor, more famous and better known as Shakespeare misspelt it, than as the obscure sea-port of Helsingör, formerly detested by sailors on account of the Sound dues, but now

passed by them in better temper, in consequence of the abolition of those mediæval trammels upon free commerce." Next morning the *Ierne* was becalmed off Copenhagen.

As the news of the possibility of an engagement between the heir-apparent to the British throne and the Princess Alexandra was only just then being bruited abroad, Mr. Graves and his friends were fortunate in being at Copenhagen on the first blush of the matter. We may be sure that they were not long before they had a good look at the young lady:

A crowd outside palace of Prince Ferdinand induced us to cross over, and in an open window over the entrance gate stood four young ladies; the likeness of the eldest to a photograph we had purchased the day previous immediately struck us; we inquired if she was not the Princess Alexandra, and found it was so. We had heard much of the fine qualities displayed by this youthful Princess; her goodness of heart and amiability made her beloved by all, and formed the subject of constant conversation amongst all classes we came in contact with; her bright beaming look, high bearing, and graceful figure, of middle size, made a most favourable impression, confirming all we had heard; as we watched her, we could not help hoping that Providence might have ordained that the happy-looking girl now before us might yet become the Queen of England.

The Danes unanimously declare that she has received an excellent and truly religious education; she is considered by all who know her to have a most sweet and kind disposition; they are all agreed in praising her domestic and womanly habits; she is said to have a generous character and a good intellect.

From Copenhagen to Gothland, and so on to Stockholm, where the party appears to have enjoyed itself greatly. At Waxholm the yacht came up with the British fleet, then cruising in the Baltic. One of the vessels composing this fleet was the *St. George*, on board of which H.R.H. Prince Alfred was embarked, and as Mr. Graves had been presented to the Prince on a previous occasion, and was acquainted with officers of the Fleet, he received the offer of being towed up to St. Petersburg by the *St. George*—an offer of which, after a very brief discussion, he determined to take advantage.

In the account which he gives of his visit to Stockholm, Mr. Graves gives some interesting particulars as to the constitution of the Swedish army. Of all the armies in Europe, the Swedish approaches the most nearly to the old Roman type, which was a body of soldiers who were also skilled artificers, and who could be employed at any moment on the construction of great public works. The difference between the Roman army and any other was precisely identical with that which must exist between a horde of hired bravos and an organised body of labourers. Mr. Graves gives a detailed and interesting description of the Swedish plan of recruiting both army and navy. "By this means," says he, "the army and navy are filled with steady intelligent men (for all must read and write) at a comparatively small expense. The Swedes are very proud of this system. . . . It is much to the credit of this army that some of the greatest public undertakings in Sweden have been carried through by its assistance. The grandest work the country can boast of—the Götha Canal—is the peaceful work of the 'Indelta Armée.' Every regiment in Sweden took its turn, several working at the same time; and thus was completed a work most useful both to officers and men, and still more so to the country. On such occasions the men are furnished with working dresses and food by government, and wages according to the quantity of work per day or week, the men being divided into working parties, superintended by their own officers. In this way, a good steady workman is generally able to bring back to his home a very considerable addition to his pay—the fruit of his labours in the service of his country in those times of peace when he has no opportunity of serving it with his sword."

Mr. Graves speaks in the highest terms of the intellectual qualifications of the Swedish royal family. In 1851 Prince Oscar won the prize for poetry at the Academy of Stockholm. The subject was "The Memory of Heroes and Heroic Deeds of the Swedish Navy." Of the rest of the family he says:

It is impossible to avoid being struck by the singular talents displayed by every member of the royal family of Sweden. It is rarely that Providence bestows gifts so various in character, and so rich in quality, on any one household; nor is this remarkable speciality confined to the living; for Prince Gustav, who died in 1852, at the early age of twenty-five, attained considerable eminence as a musician, composer, and poet. His most popular compositions were several quartettes and romances of a thoroughly Swedish character, which are now sung everywhere in Sweden; to several of these he also wrote the poetry; but his reputation chiefly rests on an operetta, called "The White Lady of Drottningholm;" and on a funeral march found among his papers after his death—which he intended should be played at his own funeral—the music of which is of a mild, melodious, and serious turn.

We pass over the cruise to St. Petersburg (half cruise, half tow) and come at once to the arrival of the *Ierne* in the waters of the Neva. Her skipper was very proud at exhibiting the Mersey "burgee" in those waters. The capital of the Czar seems to have produced the same effect of admiration upon Mr. Graves and his friend "the Doctor" as it does upon all who have the good fortune to visit that city of palaces. They saw the Winter Palace, with all its treasures of barbaric jewelry and Western Art, and the old, show, hacknied contrast was presented to their astenished vision, of the plain little room on the basement, with the small iron bedstead, hard mattress, and plain covering in which the late Emperor Nicholas (one of the most consummate actors of his time) used to sleep. They saw also the Hermitage, and the Nevskoi Prospekt and the Gostinnoi Dvor. They were as much struck with the Russian mode of making tea, and with the great institution of the Samovar, as all visitors to that country are. The Izak Church, with its golden dome, comes in for its share of marvel but surely

Mr. Graves must be a little mistaken when he states that the gold covering of this dome is "as thick as a ducat?"

We cannot say much for the political perspicuity of Mr. Graves. He perceived that the Russians proper are in Russia kept in a state of subjection, and that the great offices of state are bestowed upon Germans and Greeks. The only moral he can draw from this is, that the Russians, as a race, are ignorant and stupid. He speaks of the "emancipation" of the serfs as a benevolent act, and wishes "God speed" to the "noble-hearted Czar." It is to be noted, however, that, upon his own showing, both Mr. Graves and his companion were utterly ignorant of the language of the people among whom they were mixing.

A very short stay at St. Petersburg sufficed to tempt them on to Moscow. The sights of that grand and strange old capital of the Grand Duchy of Muscovy, with its curious blending of occidental with oriental pomp, and its interesting historical associations, seem to have arrested their attention as much as they usually do. Holy Mother Moscow, with her hundreds of domes and the Kremlin, offers an inexhaustible fund of wonder to the traveller. So many travellers, however, have dwelt upon these parts of late, that we prefer to turn aside and quote a few passages which bear upon matters not quite so frequently touched upon. Here, for example, are some interesting observations on tea-drinking in Russia:

On our return to the hotel we ordered tea: to enjoy this beverage thoroughly it must be drunk in Russia; there is a delicacy of flavour which the over-sea tea has not, and the Russian thoroughly appreciates this, for, with all classes, it is in constant use throughout the day; go where and at what hour you will, to the café of the rich or the poor, the gardens, the train, the steamboat, the house, the cottage, the teapot is demand. The costly journey by caravan makes the Russian tea expensive; but the quality must have been superior before leaving China to the teas usually shipped to England; the price varies from 2½ to 20 silver roubles, the former being that of the article generally used. There is, however, a great change coming over the tea trade of Russia, which will very materially limit the monopoly of this great luxury to those who can afford to use the higher qualities, for in time the lower qualities must cease to be brought overland. The prohibition against over-sea imports has this year been repealed, and already the effect is very perceptible; large quantities of tea have been imported from England, and a reduction in price has followed, of a rouble per pound, while the quantity *en route* by caravan is known to be forty per cent below the average. It is hard to say to what extent the old and cumbrous land mode of import may be diverted to the more economical one by sea; but, with the mass of the population, the taste will in time give way to the pocket, and price will carry the day. English merchants will derive much advantage by this new trade, and the mercantile marine of England and America cannot fail to be gainers by this enlightened change. One gentleman conversant with the trade anticipated that in a couple of years, when prejudice had been entirely overcome, and men's minds had become used to the change, we should see 200,000 chests per annum brought sea-wise into Russia. Our last cup was devoted to the toast of wives and children; and we called for cigars, our stock being exhausted; but when we found the price ranged from sixpence to one shilling and sixpence each, our desire was considerably modified, and we puffed away while discussing the cause of the great expense of every article of luxury in Russia. We find it by far the most expensive country we have yet travelled in; and, as compared with Sweden, the dollar of that country (equal to about 1s. 2d.) certainly seems to go as far as the rouble, or 3s. 4d. does here.

Here is an account of a little dinner at the Troitzky Traktir, the most celebrated restaurant in Moscow:

The waiters were almost countless, dressed in spotless white frocks and wide trousers, the former fitting tightly round the throat and inclosed at the waist by a red cord, a towel being thrown over the right shoulder, and the linen of the frock being without crease or fold. The cooking was excellent, superior to any we have yet met with: a dish composed of a young sterlet, about ten inches long, which was alive when the order for dinner was given, exceeded anything we had previously tasted; it was dressed with pickles and rich sauce. The sterlet is a description of sturgeon, but never exceeds ten or twelve pounds in weight, indeed we have been told that eight pounds is considered a large fish; they are taken in large quantities in the Volga, and brought in specially adapted boats to Moscow; they are invariably kept alive till required for use; we had some brought up for our inspection, and they were as lively as if only just taken out of the Volga. Like the sturgeon, the sterlet has no vertebral bones, and resembles it in form and other particulars. The little sculptured bony plates that cover its gills are exceedingly curious and beautiful. For dessert we had a dish which we record for imitation at home—sliced pine apple, peaches, apricots, a few red and white grapes and currants, with clarified syrup poured over the whole a quarter of an hour before use, and served in a glass dish. There were many rooms, and all well filled; at the table next to us sat several gentlemen who conversed in French, though evidently Russians. The Prince's visit was the sole topic of conversation; and amongst the many anecdotes told, we gathered that His Royal Highness had during his short sojourn dined at the Troitzky Traktir, and on entering the room invited all such gentlemen as were then present to join his party. The dinner was the best which the *cuisine* of this far-famed establishment could serve; and if we might judge by the pleasure with which our neighbours referred to it, this impromptu and most unexpected hospitality was appreciated, not only by those Muscovites who had the good fortune to be present, but by the larger number who had only heard of their neighbours' good luck.

The number of pages devoted to the record of the incidents of the return home is not large. The Commodore and his friend, "the Doctor," returned overland, and by steamer, to Stockholm, where they found the brave little *Ierne*, and in eight days they were in the Mersey, thus completing one of the pleasantest yacht trips of which we ever remember to have read.

The Shakespeare Treasury, or Subject Quotations, Synonymously Indexed. By WILLIAM HOE. (W. Lockwood. pp. 70.)—An ingenious, but not very exhaustive, addition to the concordances, glossaries, and other numerous books designed to aid the reader in the perusal of Shakespeare. The quotations are arranged according to subjects, with a cross index, and if rendered a little more complete will be of use to those who love to maintain that a quotation may be produced from Shakespeare, *à propos* of anything.

NEW NOVELS.

The Story of Elizabeth. With two Illustrations. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

A Simple Woman. By the Author of "Nut Brown Maids," "Wearing the Willow," &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Arrows in the Dark. By the Author of "Said and Done." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

IT IS NOT UNREASONABLE to expect that we shall find some small amount of either profit or amusement in the perusal of even a one-volume novel, but we must confess that in the "Story of Elizabeth" we have been quite unable to find either, and we cannot so much as admit that we have felt interested in the working out or development of the tale. And yet we do not deny for a moment the possession of a certain amount of talent and cleverness in the writer, but the cleverness is not agreeable, sharpness being its principal characteristic. The author, whether belonging to the masculine or feminine gender (we are inclined to believe to the latter), lacks earnestness and deep feeling, and, above all, gentleness and geniality towards the rest of the human race. There are smart, trenchant judgments passed on every character in the story, even virtues are treated sarcastically—a cold cynical spirit lurks throughout, and pervades every page of the book. Doubtless the strongest among us are weak when tempted—the best regulated lives are made up of shortcomings, and we are all more or less prone to deal unceremoniously with the faults of our neighbours; but which of us can bear the sneering hard censor—the supercilious cold reader of poor human nature, without shrinking and revolting? And what good end did such censorious verdicts ever compass? Whether men and women are living flesh and blood, or whether they are mere creations of an author's brain, they should be dealt with charitably and lovingly; their weaknesses, when exposed, should be treated with a sympathising lenity, which commends itself a thousand times sooner to right-thinking minds, than the cleverest, most sarcastic disquisition on their weaknesses and follies that was ever penned. We would therefore counsel the author to cultivate—as clearly in this case it is not a gift of Nature—a compassionate, merciful spirit.

The tale itself is a disagreeable one; to use the opening words, "This is the story of a foolish woman, who, through her own folly, learnt wisdom at last; whose troubles—they were not very great, they might have made the happiness of some less eager spirit—were more than she knew how to bear. The lesson of life was a hard lesson to her. She would not learn—she revolted against the whole-some doctrine. And while she was crying out that she would not learn, and turning away, and railing and complaining against her fate, days, hours, fate went on their course; and they passed unmoved, and it was she who gave way, she who was altered, she who was touched and torn by her own complaints and regrets." Such is the heroine; and the story turns upon one of the most revolting and unnatural of all subjects—rivalship between mother and daughter for the love of the same man.

Both are handsome and fascinating in their way; the mother is six and thirty, and the daughter eighteen, when the story opens, and both are in love with Sir John Dampier, a selfish, calculating baronet, who is already half affianced to his rich cousin, but who has led both mother and daughter to believe that they are anything but indifferent to him. The scene is laid in Paris, where the two English families are residing for the time; the mother, a passionate, selfish woman, who for long years has had but one dream and one idea, sees that she is about to lose the realisation of her hopes, she is madly jealous of her daughter and of Sir John's attention to her, so unnaturally resolves to sacrifice her. She marries in haste a popular Parisian *pasteur*, who is not a great man, but has a great reputation, and she buries her pretty rival-daughter in seclusion with her, and with uncongenial companions. And by this cruel perversion she turned the best of all good gifts to trouble and rancour; instead of using her sacred power of faithful devotion as she should have done, and saved and ennobled herself, she abused it, and her life became a curse instead of a blessing.

For two years Elizabeth led a wretched, solitary life, and then the Dampiers appeared in Paris again, and Sir John plays a heartless game with her, until after illness and complications of many sorts, he jilts the rich cousin that he may marry her. There is no plot in the story, no moral pointed, nothing to attract the reader to any of the personages, or to make him care to hear more of them; but to feel, on the contrary, when he closes the book, that a very unpleasant impression has been made upon his mind.

We deplore this the more, inasmuch as there are unmistakeable evidences of talent and germs of promise throughout. The descriptions of the characters, although sarcastic, are graphic, as will be seen from the following quotation, wherein is summed up the conduct of a clergyman, cousin of the hero, Sir John Dampier. With this we conclude our notice, again strongly advising the author to set to work and endeavour to cultivate truer and more earnest feelings, and to endeavour to weigh other people's foibles in more Christian scales:

Will Dampier was not in the least like his letter. I know two or three men who are manly enough, who write gentle, gossiping letters like women. He was a big, commonplace young man, straight-minded and tender-hearted, with immense energy, and great good spirits. He believed in himself; indeed, he tried so heartily and conscientiously to do what was right, that he could not help knowing more or less that he was a good fellow. And then he had a happy

knack of seeing one side of a question, and having once determined that so and so was the thing to be done, he could do so and so without one doubt or compunction. He belonged to the school of athletic Christianity. I heard some one once say that there are some of that sect who would almost make out cock-fighting to be a religious ceremony. William Dampier did not go so far as this; but he heartily believed that nothing was wrong that was done with a Christian and manly spirit. He rode across country, he smoked pipes, he went out shooting, he played billiards and cricket, he rowed up and down the river in his boat, and he was charming with all the grumbling old men and women in his parish, he preached capital sermons—short, brisk, well-considered. He enjoyed life and all its good things with a grateful temper, and made most people happy about him.

The second book on our list is called "A Simple Woman," and the only fault we have to find with it is its title; and for this reason—it might be misunderstood and misconstrued. It is quite possible with such a name that many would toss aside this volume under the belief that it contained the history of a silly woman—an individual few care to make acquaintance with even in print. But, on the contrary, instead of a simple woman in the common acceptation of the term being the subject of these pages, it is a sensible, high principled woman, or rather girl, whom we read about. The story itself is an interesting one. An orphan, named Mary Shenstone, who has hitherto been brought up under the care of her uncle and aunt, at Chatham, goes to pay her first visit to her great relations, the Brookes, who live in a large country house called Buckley. The life is new and strange to the unsophisticated, shrinking girl, who has been reared carefully, with but few luxuries about her, as her Chatham uncle was a naval officer with small pay. At first she feels strange and uncomfortable, her aunt proves cold and impressive, her three girl-cousins sympathise so little with her. The eldest is plain and matter-of-fact, devoting herself to visiting the poor, tending the sick, and patronising the clergyman of the village, who is a widower with a large family. The other two girls are pretty, and always well dressed, but who flirt and laugh away their empty lives. But her cousin, Ralph, is made of better stuff, he is the head of the family; a manly fellow, determined to do what is right. He pays touching attentions to their old, paralysed grandfather, who for the last twenty years had been an invalid, bereft of speech, unable to move, and who lives shut up in a room of this great country house. Mary's visit is brought to an unexpected close by a summons home, as her uncle, who was on a distant voyage, is reported to be dead. Documents come into her hand which disclose the startling fact that she is heir to Buckley, and not her cousin Ralph, as all the world supposes. The way she acts, the manner in which she brings the paralysed old grandfather to make a fresh will and give the property to the rightful owner is all charmingly described. There is no brilliant word-painting here, the language in many instances is quaint and peculiar, but there is a great deal that is pleasant and natural, and if the author meant by a "simple woman" one who wholly abnegates self in all her actions, who lives a pure and holy life, then, in writing this story, we think that in this one volume he has well illustrated his meaning.

We can safely recommend "Arrows in the Dark" to those among our readers who delight in a well-conceived, well-written tale; but we can more especially commend the views contained in it to the serious consideration of those young ladies who, fresh from the school-room, full of life, happiness, and good resolves, find their home too limited a sphere for the exercise of their supposed duties; and whose lives, while trying to create fresh interest, are as "arrows flying in the dark without an aim." This state of things is well exemplified here by the heroine, who forgets the good old rule of the Catechism, and is not satisfied with doing her duty in the particular state of life to which she has been called. She will not take life as it comes, with the conviction that what is best is sure to be ordered aright, but is continually trying to make a new life for herself, and consequently runs into the common danger of marrying, not because she loves, but for the sake of being loved and made more useful than is the case at home. No one has understood these feelings and condition better than Miss Martineau, or written more earnestly on the subject. She has offered, in many of her works, strong protests to parents to give their daughters at that critical period of their lives occupation and interests at home, so that they may be less inclined to marry to get away from it. It is just at the close of school life (which is crowded with interest of its own) that girls without full occupation grow languid, indolent, and irritable—dissatisfied with themselves and with everybody about them—morbid, in short, in mind and morals, as well as in physical condition, and it was into this unhealthy state that the heroine of "Arrows in the Dark" was about to fall, but from which she was happily rescued.

We said heroine, but indeed we should have written it in the plural number, for there are no less than three young ladies who take prominent positions in the development of the story, and whose characters differ widely the one from the other. The author evinces considerable skill in the manner in which he keeps each true to her instincts and gifts—distinct clear units to the mind's eye. The saint-like Angela Tracy, who is sweet in disposition and holy in life, but is taken early from her happy home. Diana, her cousin, a wayward, passionate girl, who is tried in the fire of affliction and purified; and, lastly, but best of all, Alice Home, the friend of both, who, although less demonstrative, has trials of her own which she deals with rightly. They are all three masterly delineations of the feminine character. Although the story is short it is full of interest, and moral lessons are inculcated throughout it without intrusive preaching; and, notwithstanding the fact that there are no exciting scenes in the course of it,

the interest of the reader never flags. India and Anglo-Indian life are well described, and there is a quiet charm about the contents of this volume, telling of home-life and every-day scenes, which is more healthy than the thrilling tragedies which now satisfy the appetites and delight the tastes of the great mass of the novel-reading public.

HISTORICAL MATERIALS.

Eulogium (Historiarum sive Temporis). Edited by FRANK SCOTT HAYDON, B.A. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. III. London: Longmans. pp. lxxiv. 572.

Ricardi de Cirencestria Speculum Historiale de Gestis Regum Anglie. From the Copy in the Public Library, Cambridge. Edited by JOHN E. B. MAYOR, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. London: Longmans. pp. 386.

THE EARLIEST DATE in the first of these works is A.D. 642, and the latest A.D. 1413; whilst in the second the earliest is A.D. 447, and the latest A.D. 871. It is plain, therefore, that there is little connection between one and the other; but it has seemed good to class them together, inasmuch as they are both published under the same auspices, and are both intended to serve the purpose of him or them who shall aspire, by making use of the material which learned and industrious men are day by day accumulating, with much conscientious research and toil, in forms easy of perusal and easy of reference, from the storehouses of ancient documents, to build up a worthy and credible history of our country from the earliest times to the reign of Henry VIII. And yet, even from the few passages which do correspond in the two volumes, it is possible and instructive to show by comparison what minute points of difference must be examined and settled by editor and by compiler. At page 6 of the "Eulogium" we come upon this passage: "Iterum pugnarunt apud Basinges, ibi enim triumphabant Dani et Saxones fugati sunt. Iterum mense elapso pugnatum est apud Merton, et ibi triumphabant Dani et Angli fugati." At page 385 of the "Speculum" we read, in reference to the same events: "Convenerunt iterum . . . contra paganos pugnatu junctis viribus ad Basingum. Quibus diu et acriter decertantibus, pagani victoriam sunt adepti. Iterum duobus mensibus evolatis . . . apud Merentonam cum nefandis pugnantibus infidelibus diu vicerunt et paganos in fugam compulerunt; sed illis demum revertentibus contra Christianos, cum victoria recesserunt." It is not worth while to pause and point out the bad and enigmatical Latinity of the last sentence, for monks whatever else they excelled or did not excel in, were unrivalled in the badness of their Latin, nor, perhaps, are the discrepancies which the italics emphasise of much consequence, but they will serve to exemplify the sort of innumerable traps which are unwittingly laid by ancient chroniclers and modern editors, in spite of all their care and trouble, for him who would collate different accounts of the same event. Mr. Haydon gives in his note another reading—"Merton"—with "Battle of Merton" on his margin; Mr. Mayor has no *varia lectio*, and puts "Battle of Merenton" on his margin. Now both Mr. Thorpe, in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and Mr. Luard, in "Bartholomew de Cotton" (in whose text the words used are "apud Meredune"), call the place Merton, and one is therefore astonished at Mr. Mayor's quiet marginal remark—"Battle of Merenton," without any explanation. It is quite possible that Merenton in Richard of Cirencester's Latin (if Mr. Mayor has rightly read the MS.) is the equivalent for Merton, but there was no reason why Mr. Mayor should puzzle the future historian by differing from his brother editors in the English name of the spot where the Danes were victorious. It seems as if he would have invented a "Battle of the Basyngs" had he happened to find Basynges in his MS. instead of Basingum. But—*hactenus hæc*.

To return to the "Eulogium." The author, it may be in the recollection of our readers, was an atrabilious monk, Thomas by name, most likely, who assumed the cowl, and repented it when he found that the devil pursued him even within the sacred precincts of the Abbey; who discovered to his chagrin that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries," &c., and not out of the objects which surround a man; and who tried to relieve his consequent atrabiliousness by the gigantic task of writing a chronicle of events from the foundation of the world up to A.D. 1366. In the former two volumes we had the result of his labours down to A.D. 689, and the reign of Yne. The present volume contains the remaining portion of Brother Thomas's compilation, and a "continuation" by an unknown author, bringing the chronicle down to A.D. 1413. We presume that the other "continuation," (for the title-page says, "Accedunt continuationes duæ, quarum una ad annum M.CCCC.XIII., altera ad annum M.CCCC.XC. perducta est," will form the contents of a fourth volume.

In his very elaborate preface Mr. Haydon fully discusses the credibility and value of both "Eulogium" and "Continuation," and he comes to the conclusion that "there is an amount of original historical information contained in the chronicle which very far outweighs the trivialities, the repetitions, and the mistakes which deface it."

The "value of the Chronicle as a narrative, undoubtedly contemporary, of the period A.D. 1350, to A.D. 1366," is direct; but it has

also an indirect value as a monument of opinion; as an exponent of "the historical, geographical, physical, and metaphysical creed of an age as influential as the fourteenth century;" and, when compared with the speculative histories of our own times, as a plain and unambitious reproduction of facts (due allowance being made for human tendency towards error) without any fine-spun web of philosophical or political theories.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Haydon for the manifest pains which he has taken to make his work as perfect as the plan of these publications allows, and the only objection which we should think might be, but which we do not ourselves fancy is likely to be, raised against his method of discharging his duties, is his fulness of detail.

This objection is pretty certain not to be urged against Mr. Mayor, who has hitherto vouchsafed no account of the MSS. employed by him, no remarks upon the chronology, no biographical account of the author, and no estimate of his historical credibility and value, unless a marginal note to the effect that "the author, Richard, a monk of St. Peter's, Westminster, compiled his work from many old chronicles," is to be considered sufficient information on all points. But very likely Mr. Mayor is of those who prefer to write their preface last, and will bring out his preface simultaneously with his index.

Brother Richard's own "Prooemium" informs us that he had been often struck with admiration at the nobility of the kings of England—especially of those who had founded monasteries, regardless of expense ("expensis innumeris non parcendo"); being fearful, therefore, lest other persons should be less fortunate than he was, and unable to obtain the many works wherein he had read of the many excellencies of the many kings, he conceived the idea of collecting the cream into one book, so that the soul which longed for kingly deeds might suck it down to his great content. Brother Richard's starting-point was the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain, or, to use his own words, "a primo autem adventu Saxonum in Britanniam, modo Angliam dictam, qui temporibus Vortigerni tunc regis Britannum continebat, præsens opus, sicut subsequenter penitus declarabunt, dignum duximus inchoandum." Brother Richard gives us at full length the story of Pope Gregory and the English slaves, in the following words:

Dicitur enim, sicut in legenda dicti patris liquido patet, quod die quadam cum advenissent nuper mercatoribus multa venalia in forum fuissent collata, multi ad emendum confluxissent, et ipsum Gregorium inter alios advenisse ac vidisse inter alia pueros venales positos candidi corporis ac venusti vultus, capillorum quoque forma egregia. Quos cum aspiceret, interrogavit, de qua regione vel terra essent allati. Dictumque est, quia de Britannia insula, cuius incolæ talis essent aspectus. Rursus interrogavit, utrum iidem insulani Christiani essent, an pagani adhuc erroribus essent implicati. Dictumque est, quod essent pagani. At ille intimo ex corde longa trahens suspiria: "Heu, pro dolor," inquit, "quod tam lucidi vultus homines tenebrarum auctor possident, tantaque frontispicii gratia mentem ab interna gratia vacuum gestat!" Rursus ergo interrogavit, quod esset vocabulum gentis illius. Respondum est, quod Angli vocarentur. At ille, "Bene," inquit, "Angli; nam et angelicum habent faciem, et tales angelorum in cœlis decet esse coheredes. Quod habet nomen ipsa provincia de qua isti sunt allati?" Respondum est, quia "Deiri" vocarentur iidem provinciales. At ille, "Bene," inquit, "Deiri, quasi de ira eruti, et ad misericordiam Christi vocati. Rex provincie illius quomodo appellatur?" Respondum est, quod "Elle" diceretur. At ille alludens ad nomen ait: "Alleluya! laudem Dei Creatoris illis in partibus oportet cantari."

The Pope's conversion of "Elle" into "Alleluya!" is almost of itself proof that he could perform miracles. The result of the Pope's meeting with the English slaves was, as is well known, the mission of Augustine, and a highly amusing (though slightly indecent) conversation between the two saints, upon the eve of the missionary's departure is given by Brother Richard. We shall cull from it only the sentences wherein the Pope describes what constitutes a sin. He says:

Tribus enim modis impletur omne peccatum; videlicet suggestionem, delectationem, consensum. Suggestio quippe fit per diabolum, delectatio per carnem, consensus per spiritum: quia et primam culpam serpens suggestit, Eva velut caro delectata est, Adam velut spiritus consensus: et necessaria est magna discretio, ut inter suggestionem atque delectationem, inter delectationem et consensum, iudex sui animus præsideat. Cum enim malignus spiritus peccatum suggerit in mente, si nulla peccati delectatio sequatur, peccatum omni modo perpetratum non est: cum vero delectari caro cœperit, tunc peccatum incipit nasci: si autem ex deliberatione consentit, tunc peccatum cognoscitur perfici. In suggestionem igitur peccati initium est, in delectationem fit nutrimentum, in consensu perfectio.

Mr. Kinglake. By Sir FRANCIS B. HEAD. (John Murray. pp. 32.)—Some latitude must be granted to pleasant, if somewhat garrulous old gentlemen like Sir Francis Head. The whims of the author of "Bubbles from the Brunns," "Stokers and Pokers," and the "Faggot of French Sticks," are pretty well known by this time. He is known to be a little warm-tempered, somewhat over-hasty in arriving at conclusions, and possessed of a most unenviable partiality for, and admiration of, the Emperor Louis Napoleon. But, taking all these into consideration, we really cannot help thinking that in these thirty-two pages the worthy baronet has slightly exceeded his privileges. Of course he was at perfect liberty to level any criticism he pleased against Mr. Kinglake's volumes, but when he meets that gentleman's advertised request to be supplied with information by a declaration that he deems it his duty "openly and deliberately to demonstrate to all men who have not read Mr. Kinglake's volumes, that not only will their honour, and the honour of the army to which they belong, be unsafe in his keeping, but that, with the skill and dexterity of a lawyer, who with ease can twist words and meaning as he may please, he will damage their characters exactly in proportion to the amount of confidence they bestow upon him." Charges such as these ought certainly not to be preferred, except upon the clearest and most irrefragable

evidence; but Sir Francis Head's proof certainly does not merit these terms. He catalogues, as it were, the persons whom Mr. Kinglake has, in his opinion, calumniated, and at the head of these he places Her Majesty Queen Victoria. But what is his evidence of this? Simply that Mr. Kinglake has criticised a phrase in a speech from the Throne, and that he objected to the Sovereign that whilst "in principle she was marching along with all the rest of the four Powers, yet all the while she was engaged with the French Emperor in a separate course of action." Is not this the flimsiest of accusations. Setting aside the old constitutional maxim that the Queen can do no wrong, who would ever dream of charging Her Majesty personally with the errors and duplicity of her Government. The maxim (constitutionally true of all our Sovereigns) was never so true of any monarch as it is of Queen Victoria; seeing that from the beginning of her reign, the Ministers have been constantly assuming the power and responsibility of the Crown upon themselves, and have been constantly successful. But when Sir Francis charges Mr. Kinglake with disloyalty for presuming to criticise the phrases of a Royal Speech does he not fall into something very like absurdity? With Sir Francis's indignation at Mr. Kinglake's rather free than friendly strictures on the Emperor Louis Napoleon we can better sympathise. Still the main question as to this (as to many other points on which Sir Francis differs from Mr. Kinglake) is not, what was it prudent or in good taste to write; but what is true? And there are still many uncourteous persons in the world who regard the deeds of December 1851 as base, brutal, and bloody, and who can look upon the perpetrators of those cruel and outrageous deeds with only an aversion which no military glory, no Court splendour, can convert into admiration. Most of the other criticisms of Mr. Kinglake's statements seem to us to have as little foundation as these. Sir Francis thinks that Mr. Kinglake ought not to have objected to the selection of Sir George Brown and General Codrington and Buller as the leaders of the Light Division on the ground that they were near-sighted men, and wore spectacles; firstly, because to chronicle their personal defects, is to deal with these soldiers in the same way that "a purchasing dealer disparages a lot of old war-horses he intends to purchase," and secondly, because he (Mr. Kinglake) wears glasses himself. Was there ever anything more absurd? Surely, Sir Francis will not pretend that near-sightedness is a qualification for leading a division into action? And as for the personal argument, it seems to cut both ways; for Mr. Kinglake, being shortsighted himself, would know better than another man, what a serious defect that is in a general leading an army in the field. But, perhaps, the most unjustifiable part of Sir Francis's attack is where he identifies Mr. Kinglake with the English bar, and speaks of his task as the historian of the Crimean War as "the brief which he received from Lady Raglan." We have stated elsewhere, and on other occasions, that we are no admirers of or believers in Mr. Kinglake's book, and that we believe the conclusions which he has arrived at as to the causes of the war are as diametrically opposed to the truth as the poles are from each other; but we never thought of bringing it to a level with the barrister's brief. Brief for what—for the prosecution or the defence? Yet Sir Francis has no doubt that "the English bar, to a man, will rise up and with an unmistakable firmness, declare to Mr. Kinglake: First, that before he came into court he ought to have admonished his client that the mass of evidence she had given him would elicit an unfavourable verdict. And, second, that on his determining to conceal from her this danger, he acted diametrically against the principles of his profession, in travelling beyond the limits of his case to collect evidence; and more especially in coming forward himself as an eye and ear witness, to gain—as by eloquence and ingenuity he has gained—sentence against the object of his client." Surely nothing that can be found between the four corners of Mr. Kinglake's book could more damage the reputation of Lord Raglan than these criminating words of his great defender, Sir Francis!

On Piracy of Artistic Copyright. By ERNEST GAMBART. (William Tegg. pp. 24.)—It is but natural that Mr. Gambart should take a very strong view on the subject of artistic copyright, seeing that he is about the largest holder of artistic copyrights in the kingdom, or perhaps even in the world, and that no one has suffered more than he has done from the various arts whereby such property is pirated. The present pamphlet is a vehement *plaidoyer* against the infringement of his copyrights by means of photography. It is not, he explains, against competition, that protection is required, but against robbery. Engraving, he says, is "the most artistic and desirable means of reproducing the designs of artists, and thus giving great value to their copyrights." It is "an independent art, which derives interest, not only from the pictures it translates, but from the originality its own productions acquire, independently of the design translated. Engraving is also valuable from being the most certain and perfect mode by which works, ancient and modern, can be made immortal, and diffused with their full excellence over the world." Of lithographic piracies he complains bitterly, because the lithographic process has rendered it "easy to produce at a small expense copies of engravings." Of course the cheap lithograph does not compete with the first-rate line engraving; but it "discredits the original work by making it common." But it is by photography that the owner of the copyright is most injured, because by that process "almost any one having a camera can reproduce, unassisted, and in the privacy of his 'studio' an engraving, especially one in line, of any size, and in so perfect a manner, that the generality of the public might take the photographic copy for the original impression from the copper-plate." Mr. Gambart then goes on to point out the short-comings of the law, the difficulties of convicting, and how the majority escape punishment, and dolorously details his own unhappy experience with the law courts, and ends by calling for an improvement in the law of international copyright, securing to the owner of copyright the benefit of his property in all countries with which his own has an international treaty, *provided* he has fulfilled the conditions of his own country's laws. This would do away with the necessity for registering and depositing, which is one of the great stumbling-blocks in the way of the working of the international treaties. He also suggests that any new law for the protection of copyrights "should strike at the PURCHASER, and that the OWNERSHIP of piracies

should not remain unchallenged." Mr. Gambart's pamphlet is well and clearly expressed, and as he has both a keen interest in, and a thorough knowledge of, the subject, his opinions are entitled to attention.

The Shilling Guide to the London Charities for 1861; showing in Alphabetical Order the Name, Date of Foundation, Address, Objects, and Annual Income, Number of People Benefited by, Mode of Application to, and Chief Officers of every Charity in London. By HERBERT FRY. (Robert Hardwicke. 12mo. pp. 152.)—The title-page of this work is so exhaustive in describing its nature, that it leaves us little to add. It is all it pretends to be, and so well arranged, that information regarding any particular charity may be obtained at a glance. It is one of the best guides to the charities of London which it has been our good fortune to meet with, and we have seen many which have left us as much in the dark as if we had never made inquiry. Every charitable institution named in the "Shilling Guide" has been applied to to fill up its own return. The annual income of the charities in and around London is enormous—perhaps, 2,000,000*l.*; and yet to the thousands who might participate, or who are entitled to participate, in this sum, the questions arise—"Where are they?" "What is their object?" "To whom ought you to apply?" &c. The "Guide" answers, in the briefest and most explicit terms, all such questions. We take, by way of illustration, one or two well-known charities: "Alley's College of God's Gift; founded 1619; situate at Dulwich; object, to provide schools and almshouses for poor of Dulwich, and of parishes of St. Saviour, St. Luke, St. Botolph, and Camberwell; income 11,000*l.*; 90 children in school—12 old people in almshouses; apply, at college any day, by letter addressed to Clerk to the Governors of College; chief officials, Rev. A. J. Carver, D.D., Master of College," &c. Or, take Charterhouse: "Founded 1611; situate, Charterhouse-square; provides maintenance and homes for 80 old men, an education for 44 poor boys on foundation, besides various scholarships for latter; income about 25,000*l.*; apply to the Registrar personally, or by letter, for list of Governors, and to one of these latter for a presentation; chief officials, Ven. Archde. Hale, Master, A. Keightley, Esq., Registrar and Receiver," &c. The work will appear annually, and a shilling laid out on the "Shilling Guide" will save many parties many shillings who are interested in works of charity.

A Glimpse of the World. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. (Longman and Co. 8vo. pp. 537.)—"Myra read the Bible, kept to her times of prayer, checked her temper, and sternly battled with the self against which she had inwardly vowed such a deadly warfare, because—she scarcely could have told why at the moment, but she felt that she must do it—that obedience was necessary to her, the sense of disobedience—the sense of being out of God's favour—so oppressive that at any sacrifice it must be avoided." So Myra was a good girl, and all girls who act like Myra will be good girls. The quotation indicates the character of "A Glimpse of the World." Or take another extract: "'Should you like to be a Roman Catholic, Myra?' 'No,' was Myra's decided answer. 'I think I should, if I could only believe. It would be a very resting faith.' 'I like truth,' said Myra. 'I like what I am not afraid to look into.'" There are hundreds no doubt who will devour this tale with relish, and it is not our desire to say a word which will spoil their relish, if we do not relish the tale ourselves.

Retribution. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. (Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. 12mo. pp. 311.)—Mrs. Balfour is no 'prentice hand at writing tales with a moral purpose. Here the moral purpose is to denounce gin-drinking, tippling, and other sins against the law of temperance. The worst of it is that confirmed gin-drinkers don't read such books; they never reach them; they get into the hands of the "whole who need not a physician." All sin is ugly; the drinking sin is as ugly as any, and we fear it will not cast out its devil by any exorcism of literature. The utmost we can expect from such a work as the present is, that by its falling into the hands of the young it may induce them to note a special sin without becoming fanatics and persecutors. We cannot praise the story as an artistic construction. It is impossible that, writing to a given text, it should be other than it is—a well-intended exposition of the miseries entailed by intemperance in alcoholic liquors. The evil is admitted; the curse is broad; the literary remedy we doubt.

Something New; or, Tales for the Times, by several Writers. Edited by EUSTACE WILBERFORCE JACOB (late Captain 99th Regiment.) (Emily Faithful. 12mo. pp. 309.)—Something new may not be at all times something valuable, something commodious. A new hat, a new coat, a new book is not, by necessity of newness, an excellency. New shoes or boots, when one is booted or shod in them, are often as bad as torture by the Inquisition. Something new in a house may entail rheumatism. New is often naught. The magician perambulated Bagdad proclaiming that he sold new lamps in exchange for old ones. The toper careth nothing about new wine; he saith—"the old is better." We desire now to speak charitably of the present little volume, "Something New," because it had its origin seemingly in an excellent motive—to add a mite by its sale to the "Lancashire Distress Fund." We fondly trust that the editor has been successful. Charity, however, does not cover literary sins, however many others her garment may cover. These "Tales for the Times" are rather unequal in literary merit, are occasionally, in expression at least, sensational. The editor leads off with a military tale, but it contains too much of the barrack-room, otherwise it is not without interest. Jew slang and Gentile slang have of late years been drugs in the market, and sensational phraseology is nearly now at a discount. We would advise young hands at composition to use plain and natural English in writing a tale, and that indeed would be "something new." To the short tale "Beckthorpe-cum-Oakleigh," no author's name is attached, but to our notion it is one of the most natural and best told in the volume. The topographical portion of the work is extremely creditable to Miss Emily Faithful and her female staff of compositors.

Irish Crime: a Letter to A. Bessford Hope, Esq., a Proprietor of "The Saturday Review." From the Hon. STEPHEN SPRING RICE (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill. pp. 8.)—The idea of appealing from the opinions of a newspaper by a pamphlet addressed to one of its reputed proprietors, is, as far as we are aware, a novel one. The charge against the *Saturday* is one of systematic "slandrous falsehood" against Ireland and the Irish. The author has a strong case, and uses strong language; more-

over, he produces proof. He urges that he is guilty of no discourtesy in thus appealing to Mr. Hope by name: "Amongst many distinguished men who are more or less responsible for the *Saturday Review*, you are the most conspicuous, the best able to bear a blow, or recent an injury." Moreover, he says, "for the results which you facilitate by your wealth you are morally responsible." He denounces the writers in the *Saturday* who deal with Irish matters "as men who, in denouncing crimes of violence from which they think their own country free, do not shrink from the meanest of all crimes—the murderous stab of anonymous slander."

Commentary on the Merchant of Venice. By FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO. Translated, with permission of the Author, by EDWARD L. SAMUEL. (Chapman and Hall. pp. 32.)—Into his excellent translation of the Works of Shakespeare (the only fitting translation that has yet been made into the French language) M. François-Victor Hugo has interpolated a curious commentary upon "The Merchant of Venice" which an enthusiastic scion of the chosen (Mr. Edward Samuel to wit) has thought proper to render into English for the edification of his own people. We must confess that we do not see that any good object is subserved by raking up the particulars of all the persecutions to which the Jews have been submitted from time immemorial. From M. François-Victor Hugo's reading of the drama (viz., that Shakespeare intended it for a defence and a rehabilitation of the Jews) we utterly dissent. It is, however, very ingeniously sustained.

Of reprints and new editions we have received: a new edition of the *Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mahomedan Gentleman*. Edited by Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., added by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. to their compact half-a-crown series of new editions. Also a new edition of *Agnes of Sorrento*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, added to the same series. Messrs. Longman have added to their pretty little "Shilling Entertaining Library," edited by J. S. Laurie, a reprint of the always-popular *Sandford and Merton*, by Thomas Day.—Also a second edition of *Richard Cobden, Roi des Belges* par un Ex-Colonel de la Garde Civique. (Londres: Trübner and Co.)

Messrs. Bosworth and Harrison have issued a neat little pocket edition of *The Book of Common Prayer*, printed by Messrs. Spottiswoode with all the latest additions duly made, even to the introduction of the name of the Princess of Wales into the prayer for the royal family.

Of pleasant little tales and story-books intended for children, we have received *Bessy's Money: a Tale*. By the Author of "Mary Powell." (Arthur Hall and Co.)

Of works issued in parts, we have received Part XXI. of *Beeton's Illuminated Family Bible*.—Vol. III., Part XXV. of *The Boys Own Library*.—Parts XIV., XV. of *Beeton's Home Games*.—Also Part LIV. of *Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information in Science, Art, and Literature*.

Of works relating to education we have received: *A New System for the Declension of German Nouns*. By P. A. S. JUNOD. (D. Nutt).—*A New Method of Studying Foreign Languages*. By Dr. EDWARD PICK. The French Language. (Trübner).—*Hebrew Grammar with Exercises*. By M. M. KALISCH, Ph.D. Part II. (Longmans).—*The Standard Arithmetic*. Part I. Being a Collection of Questions on the Simple and Compound Rules. By Ebenezer L. JONES. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

Of magazines and periodicals belonging to June we have received: *The Monthly Observer*.—*Frazer's Magazine*.—*The Cornhill*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.—*The Victoria Magazine*.—*The Children's Journal*.—*The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*.—*The Churchman's Magazine*.—*The Dublin University Magazine*.

We have also received the first number of *The New Review*, Political, Philosophical, and Literary, published in Dublin by Hodges, Smith, and Co., and in London by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.—*The North British Review*, and *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

Of magazines and periodicals belonging to May we have received: *The Assurance Magazine and Journal of the Institute of Actuaries*.—*The Ladies' Companion*.—*The Knickerbocker*.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.—*The Boys' Own Magazine*.

We have received a volume on *The Ordinances of Spiritual Worship: Their History, Meaning, and End*. Considered in a Series of Essays from the Writings of the Rev. E. T. March Phillips, M.A. Selected and Edited by his Daughter. (Longmans).—*The Westminster Confession of Faith Critically Compared with the Holy Scriptures and Found Wanting; or, a New Exposition of the Doctrines of the Christian Religion*. By James STARK. (Longmans).—*Liturgic Recusæ Exemplar, Free Prayer-book, as it Might Be; or, Formularies Old, Revised and New, Suggesting an Amplified Liturgy*. By Richard Bingham, M.A. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt).—*Christianity and Common Sense*. By Sir Willoughby Jones, Bart., M.A. (Longmans).—*The Book of Bible Prayers; Containing all the Prayers Recorded to have been Offered in the Bible; with a Short Introduction to Each*. By John B. Marsh. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.).—*History Against Colenso. Examination of the Witnesses*. By a Barrister. Part II. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt).—*The New Testament and the Pentateuch. With Remarks upon the Inspiration of the Bible, occasioned by the Colenso Controversy*. By a Layman. (Robert Hardwicke).—*Can an Outward Revelation be Perfect? Reflections upon the Claim of Biblical Infallibility*. By David DUNCAN. (A. W. Bennett).—*A Short Historical Explanation of the Seals and Trumpets of the Apocalypse*. By the Rev. W. Digby. Translated from the French. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Co.).—*A few Words of Exhortation to the Public with Reference to Bishop Colenso's Work on the Pentateuch and the Connection between the Old and New Testament; and also in regard to the Rights, Interests, and Duties of the Laity*. By a Layman. (A. W. Bennett).—*The Broad Way and the Narrow Way: Two Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in King's College Chapel*. By C. J. Elliot, D.D. (Parker, Son, and Bourn).—*The Pentateuch and the Elohist Psalms, in Reply to Bishop Colenso. Five Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge*. By Edward Harold Browne, B.D. (Parker, Son, and Bourn).—*A few Notes on Sir Charles Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," and Professor Huxley's "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature."* By John Crawford, F.R.S. (Printed by Spottiswoode and Co.).—*A History of the Origin of the Mysteries and Doctrines of Baptism and the Eucharist, a*

Introduced into the Church of Rome and the Church of England, and their Jewish and Heathen Origin, &c. By John Rawlings. (A. W. Bennett.)

We have also received a pamphlet on *The World's Debt to Art; a Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, at Hanley.* By A. J. B. Belford Hope, Esq., 24th February, 1863. In aid of the Albert Memorial Fund. (William Ridgway.)—*Excessive Infant-Mortality: How Can it be Stayed? A Paper Contributed to the National Social Science Association.* By M. A. Baines. (John Churchill.)—*Examination of Some of Dr. Colenso's Objections to the Pentateuch.* By the Rev. Edward B. Moeran, D.D. (Dublin: G. Herbert.)—*Military Despotism; or the Inniskilling Dragoon.* (Chapman and Hall.)—*Evidences of the Antiquity and Universality of a Belief in the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, with an Explanation of some Ancient Religious Customs, Rites, and Symbols.* By a Layman. (Arthur Hall and Co.)—*An Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, on the Principles of Scripture Parallelism. With an Introduction and an Appendix containing an Arrangement of the Epistle in Parallelism in the Original Greek.* By John Howard Hinton, M.A. (Houlston and Wright.)—*On Malaria and Miasmata, and their Influence in Typhus and Typhoid Fevers, Cholera and Exanthemata. Founded on the Fothergillian Prize Essay for 1859.* By Thomas Herbert Barker, M.D., F.R.S.A. (John W. Davies.)—*One Hundred Lectures on Ancient and Modern Dramatic Poets, the Heathen Mythology, Oratory, and Elocution; also Philosophy, History, the Laws (English and Athenian).* By B. C. Jones. Second Series, containing Ten Lectures. (W. H. Allen and Co.)

George Harrington. By David Macrae. (Houlston and Wright.)—*An Interpreting Concordance of the New Testament showing the Greek Original of Every Word, with a Glossary, Explaining all the Greek Words of the New Testament, and giving their varied Renderings in the Authorised Version.* By the Rev. James Gall. (Houlston and Wright.)—*Hedderwick's Miscellany of Instructive and Entertaining Literature.* Edited by James Hedderwick.—*Increase of the Episcopate and Right of Free Election. A Petition to the House of Lords. The Notes and Observations by the Hon. Colin Lindsay.* (English Church Union.)—*The Nemesis of Drink; Passages in an Autobiography.* With a Preface. By the Dean of Carlisle. (Hatchard and Co.)—*Introductory Address on the Study of Anthropology, Delivered before the Anthropological Society of London, February 26th, 1863.* By James Hunt, Ph.D., F.S.A. (Trübner and Co.)—*Speech of Mr. Cobden on the "Foreign Enlistment Act," in the House of Commons, Friday, April 24th, 1863.* (W. Ridgway.)—*The Practice of Hiring Wet Nurses Considered, as it Affects Public Health and Public Morals. A Paper Contributed to the Public Health Department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at the Bradford Meeting, October 1859.* (John Churchill.)—*Observations on Wines, to be considered as Extracts from Vine Leaves, intended for General Information to the Public.* (Printed by J. R. Longman.)—*A Voice from our Penal Settlements; or, Garroting, its Causes and Cure.* By David Jones, Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.)—*Transfer of Land by Registration of Title, as now in Operation in Australia, under the "Torrens System."* A Paper read before the "Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law." (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.)—*The American Question.* By Canon de Haerne. Translated by Thomas Ray. (William Ridgway.)—*Australia: What it is, and What it may be: a Lecture.* By Sir R. G. McDonnell, C.B., late Governor-General of South Australia. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.)—*Résurrection des Nationalités en Orient.* Par Henri Grignau. (Paris: Dentu), &c. &c.

THE STATE PAPERS AT THE ROLLS.

THOMAS DUFFUS HARDY, ESQ., the valued Deputy-keeper of Public Records, has issued the twenty-fourth annual report to Her Majesty as to the state and position of the Public Record Office, and copies have been presented to both Houses of Parliament. The following seem to be the most essential points:

During the year 1862, the literary inquirers who availed themselves of the privilege of using the Records without payment of fees attended 2448 times, and consulted 11,037 documents, exclusive of Calendars, Indexes, &c. The total number of inquirers in the years 1852 to 1862 has been 1234, who attended 15,571 times, and consulted 115,783 documents, exclusive of Calendars and Indexes. From a list of the subjects for which the Records have been used in literary inquiries during the year 1862, the following details may be taken, as exhibiting the wide range of our research: Life of Sir Philip Sydney—history of the Perrott family—tracings of ancient maps of Ireland—history of Hampton family—to inspect correspondence between England and the Low Countries during the sixteenth century—to collect materials illustrative of the memoirs of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in London, Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, and to take impressions of seals—history of Anglesey and Beaumaris—to inspect the minutes of Council and Assembly, and the laws of New York—history of Willeaden—to inspect papers of Commissioners for Building Churches, Anne—history of families connected with Sussex—history of gunpowder and artillery—to search for the decrees and orders of Speaker Lenthall—history of the manners of the Welsh—Lives of Archbishop Ussher and Bishop Bedell—researches respecting the Act of Uniformity, 1662—History of the town and priory of Royston—history of the Milbourn family—to transcribe papers relating to Hungary—history of the Nugent family—to see the grant of an almshouse at Laver Marney, Essex, to William Tipper and Robert Dawe, by letters patent, 34 Elizabeth—history of the parish of Fincham, Norfolk—inquiries respecting the legal history of England—lives of the Lord Mayors—life of the Bishop of Exeter—history of the Navy—history of the parish of Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire—history of Lincolnshire families—illustration of the history of English cathedrals—researches relating to the rectory of Birmingham and its vicinity—early history of Barbados—researches relating to the flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tironnell; and to the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland, Elizabeth and James the First—to take a pencil sketch of the seal attached to the surrender of Coggeshall Abbey—history of the city and county of Cork—literary purposes connected with the parishes of Manchester and Prestwich—particulars relating to the river Humber and places on its banks—history of Sidney Young's family—parochial histories of Wilts—to collect materials for a history of the baronage—history of the militia—history of commerce and navigation at Bordeaux—researches relating to Shakespeare, and other historical purposes—new edition of White's Natural History of Selbourne—history of the Channel Islands and dependencies—history of Crediton and portion of Devonshire—history of Northumberland—history of the parish of Ash, Kent, and other historical purposes—life of Sir James Graham—researches into military history—history of the Baptists—to examine letters of Bishop Hall—history of Birmingham—history of the Office of Lord Great Chamberlain—history of the Long family—history

of the family of Amhurst—history of lace—history of Monmouthshire—internal defence and the volunteer force.

On the subject of the Calendars now in progress of publication, the report speaks at great length:

"As many of the documents in the custody of the Master of the Rolls relate to personal rights and private property, it is most important, for the due administration of justice, that these records should be made available to all who desire to consult them. It is not less important for the elucidation of history in all its branches; and this can only be done by means of full and complete Calendars. Mere indications or hints as to the nature of a document, concealed under a vague and general description, are not sufficient; an analysis of its contents, in as condensed a form as possible, is required, if the reader is not to be misled. By means of such Calendars a reader is made aware of the existence and nature of the information which bears upon the subject of his inquiry. He sees at a glance the contents of the original documents necessary for him to consult. If they contain nothing to his purpose, he is assured at once of the fact, and is saved the necessity of inspecting the originals. This is an important consideration; for there can be no doubt that a correct and sufficient Calendar, by superseding the necessity of perpetual reference to the original documents, is a great saving of time to the reader and a security to the documents themselves. The more detailed the information given the less the necessity of consulting the original. This fact is also of importance. It shows that a good Calendar affords the best means for preserving the public muniments. On the other hand, a brief and insufficient description of the documents is less useful for the purpose of the inquirer, entails upon him the necessity of repeated reference to the originals, occupies more of the time of the officers of the establishment, and exposes the documents themselves to frequent and needless handling. By a good Calendar the labour of the inquirer in turning over every bundle of papers, however narrow and trivial the object of his research, is restrained within limited bounds, and the chance of injury to the papers greatly diminished. It cannot be too frequently insisted on that needless reference to papers of such inestimable value (many of which are in a frail and perishing condition) ought, by all means, to be avoided, or they will totally disappear in a few years. . . . It must also be borne in mind that Calendars are the most adequate means of preserving valuable papers from being purloined. Had Calendars existed, and been accessible to the public from early times, probably no omissions or defects would be found in the national muniments, which we have now so much reason to deplore.

"It will not, perhaps, be deemed irrelevant to add a few words upon Calendars generally, as some misapprehension seems to exist that those which are now in progress are compiled and published for the benefit of a very limited class of students; I mean for the historian only. It is admitted that the documents which are in the course of being calendared are of the highest historical interest and national importance. They relate to the religious, legal, and political history of Great Britain; but they do not relate to these subjects only. If so, it would have been fair to presume that, instead of Calendars to the public muniments, it might have been better to make a selection with a view to the wishes and wants of the historian. Admitting that the Master of the Rolls in the formation of the Calendars ought to have restricted himself to so specific a purpose, the question will still arise, what principle of selection ought to be pursued? Any plan would have been subject to the greatest perplexity. All classes of students, even those for whom the selection was made, would naturally conclude that something had been excluded which it would be most important for them to know, and this would have created great public dissatisfaction; not without reason, for documents considered worthless by one set of inquirers are often of the utmost importance to others. Great questions of history and law turn upon points which an inexperienced inquirer, or one not interested in the subject, would condemn as worthless. No individual, no committee of historians, can determine beforehand what ought to be rejected and what retained. The same document which a student at one time considers trivial, at another stage of his inquiry becomes important. The safest, and indeed the only satisfactory, plan is that adopted by direction of the Master of the Rolls, viz., to calendar every document in proportion to its importance. Mere formal documents, such as letters of pardon, commissions of the peace, &c., can be dismissed in a few words, while a document of not one-tenth the extent of such formal proceedings will often require a more lengthy description. To those who desire to search the documents for special purposes, whether historians or not, the indexes subjoined to the Calendars effect the same purpose as a classed-Calendar, and are more useful. An index can be made more comprehensive, as it admits of many heads of division and subdivision, which if attempted to be carried out in a classed catalogue, would produce confusion. At the same time it answers all the purposes of selection, by pointing out to the inquirer the documents relating to the particular subject on which he is engaged. It must also be remembered that, for one historical student, there are a hundred others utterly indifferent to such inquiries. In fact, from the diversity of men's pursuits, it would be as impossible as it would be inadvisable to construct Calendars and to select documents for any special set of inquirers. If the wants of the general historian only were regarded, the legal antiquary, the topographer, the genealogist, and the economist would each, with equal justice, demand that his wants should also be considered, and Calendars constructed for his purposes."

Four volumes of Calendars have been published during the year.

The under-mentioned volumes are in the press, or in preparation for printing: A second volume of Mr. Brewer's "Calendar of Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry the Eighth;" a second volume of Mr. Lemon's "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth;" a sixth of Mr. Bruce's "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles the First;" a fourth of Mrs. Green's "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles the Second;" a second of Mr. Hamilton's "Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland;" a "Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth," edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson; a third volume of Mr. Sainsbury's "Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series;" a second of Mr. Bergenroth's "Calendar of Letters, Dispatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain;" and a "Calendar of State Papers relating to England, preserved in the Archives of Venice," edited by Mr. Rawdon Brown.

Four volumes of the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages have also been published during the year. A dozen volumes are in the press, and will shortly appear.

NOTABILIA.

SEVERAL recent acquisitions have been added to the National Gallery, and are now displayed to the public. There is a very fine altar-piece by Crivelli, and several other valuable pictures of the Venetian and Lombardian schools.

Some very beautiful pictures by Signor Zuccoli, a distinguished painter of the Milanese School, have been exhibiting at 32, Pall-mall.

The sale of Mr. Bicknell's collection of pictures, by Messrs. Christie and Manson, has been one of the greatest art sales for some time. The three days

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sale amounted to nearly sixty thousand pounds, and some very high prices were bid for works by now living artists. Some of Turner's pictures fetched very high prices.

The Worshipful Company of Painters and Decorators have this year again opened an exhibition of works illustrative of their art at their beautiful old hall in Little Trinity-lane, City. Some remarkably fine specimens of that kind are exhibited, and the Company metes out its rewards by a rule of justice as excellent as it is unusual, by bestowing them upon the craftsman who really executes the work.

There has been rather more than the usual amount of dissatisfaction this year as to the proceedings of the "hanging committee" of the Royal Academy. Some of the rejected pictures (and very good pictures too) have been exhibited by the Cosmopolitan Club, in Charles-street, Haymarket. Mr. Frith, one of the committee, has written a letter to Mr. John Stirling, to explain the exclusion of his portrait. The picture was excluded—not because it was too bad, but because it was overlooked at first, and was too good for a bad place.

Mr. Gambart has had a confirmation of the judgment protecting his engravings from piracy, &c. by photographic process.

Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have published a beautiful series of glass stereoscopic slides, illustrating life and manners in Japan. The various *tableaux* are exceedingly well selected, and represent the national features and daily life in that interesting empire. Mr. Negretti has also just made a balloon ascent with Mr. Coxwell, and has taken views of the earth from considerable altitudes, with partial, but hopeful success.

Mr. Vernon Heath (of the firm of Murray and Heath, the eminent photographers and philosophical instrument makers) has opened a charming exhibition at No. 43, Piccadilly, of photographic views taken by himself. Mr. Heath is certainly the very best of our landscape photographers, and some of his views are beyond all praise. The collection certainly merits a visit.

An Exhibition of Sculpture in Ivory opens at the rooms of the Archaeological Institute this day (June 1), and will remain open until Saturday, the 13th inst.

The ceremonial for uncovering the memorial for the Great Exhibition of 1851, at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington, is fixed for Wednesday, the 10th inst. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be present, and a large and fashionable attendance is expected. The details of the ceremony have been settled with great minuteness.

An exhibition of sculpture has been opened this year at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, and some fine works have been exhibited. Mr. Woodington exhibited a fine colossal statue of T. Steele, Esq.; Mr. Durham, a fine work in bronze, The Queen, with the Attributes of Peace, the original centre-piece for the memorial of the Great Exhibition; Mr. Foley, a fine statue of a Parsee gentleman, intended for Bombay, and a fine statue of Goldsmith for Dublin. Mr. T. Earle's Hyacinthus, and Mr. Lawlor's Titania, have also been much admired.

Some remarkably fine bronzes have been added to the French Exhibition in Pall-Mall.

The Council of the Society of Arts has issued invitations for a *conversazione*, to be held at the South Kensington Museum, on Friday evening the 12th inst.

A *soirée* was given by the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion-house, on Wednesday, the 27th ult.; Sir R. W. Carden (in the absence of the Lord Mayor through indisposition) presided.

The directors of the Liverpool Exchange Company have had on view the designs for the new Exchange buildings for that town. They are well spoken of by the local critics.

The Pugin Memorial Committee, having raised 1000*l.*, has placed it at the disposal of the Institute of British Architects to establish a Students' Travellers' Fund.

The Freemasons, having invited the competition of architects for designs for the new hall, the three premiums of 150*l.*, 100*l.*, and 70*l.* respectively, have been awarded to Mr. T. H. E. Carpenter, Mr. Edward Barry, and Mr. S. W. Dawkes respectively.

There is to be a competition of choirs at the Crystal Palace on July 4, under the auspices of the National Association for the Encouragement of Music.

Mrs. Hallé is giving a series of *matinées* for miscellaneous piano performances. Mme. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) gave Handel's "L'Allegro" at St. James's Hall, for the Royal Hospital of Incurables at Putney. A sum of 526*l.* was realised.

Mr. Creswick is fulfilling a "starring" engagement at the Surrey.

Signor Schira's opera "Nicolo de' Lupi," produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been anything but successful.

Mr. Falconer's "Peep o' Day" is being played at the City of London and at the Surrey.

Madame Ristori will give a series of dramatic representations at Her Majesty's Theatre during the present month of June.

Tamberlik and Mario have both appeared at the Royal Italian Opera; the former made his *debut* in "Guillaume Tell," the latter in "Il Barbiere." The two great *tenors* are as great and unrivalled as ever.

One of the finest concerts of the past month has been the performance of Mendelssohn's "Athalia," at the Crystal Palace, by 2500 singers and players on May-day. The principal *solis* parts were sustained by Mlle. Parepa and Mme. Sainton-Dolby.

The Princess's Theatre has been opened, under the management of Mr. George Vining, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have given eleven performances there, being positively their last appearance before their departure for Australia. In the number of their "last appearances," these artists now rival even Madame Grisi.

Mr. W. Valentine Smith (better known as Mr. Swanborough), the lessee of the Strand Theatre, has committed suicide, and the theatre is consequently closed for some days. It is stated, however, that it will shortly be opened by his son.

The three operatic performances for the benefit of Mr. Lumley took place at Drury-lane Theatre. The Prince and Princess of Wales attended on Friday, the 29th inst. The Marchesa Gaetani (Mlle. Piccolomini) appeared, and her reception was a perfect ovation.

M. Levasor, the best and most comic of French *bouffons*, has been giving entertainments at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. M. Levasor is giving all his choicest and most laughable scenes, and his entertainment is about the most fashionable this season. He has been invited to perform at many of the evening parties of the aristocracy, and especially before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Apsley House.

What is to become of Mr. Boucicault's Joint Stock Company for building a model theatre? The worthy lessee and dramatist is understood to have handed over his occupancy of the Westminster Theatre (formerly Astley's) to the management of the new theatre, and for himself he seems to have submerged under the scandal of a filthy case which has been occupying the law courts. Some of the daily journals have favoured their readers with leading articles and reports about this case; but we do not gather that any moral is to be derived therefrom at all likely to be of any service to the public.

Some scandal has been excited among English journalists by the production of a drama in Paris which professes to embody some incidents in the life of Sheridan. The incidents are over-strained, and the portraiture grossly untrue to life, and hence the complaints. Why so? The French are not the only people who misunderstood their neighbours.

The name of Mr. Phelps, after having been long "underlined" (or announced in a preliminary fashion) in the play-bills of the Lyceum Theatre, has been suddenly withdrawn. The *Era* gives the following explanation of the reason:—"A difference of opinion has arisen between Mr. Phelps and Mr. Fechter with regard to the propriety of casting the former popular tragedian for the part of the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' and for the violation of the specific agreement made by Mr. Phelps legal redress has been sought."

Great preparations are being made at Newcastle for the meeting of the British Association commencing on Aug. 26.

The controversy about the Abbeville jawbone has raged fast and furious; but the opinion of the English *savants* prevails that the relic is a spurious one.

Sir Roderick Marchison has issued cards for two receptions of the members of the Geographical Society at Willis's Rooms. The first was held on Thursday, the 28th inst.

Admiral Fitzroy has been elected a corresponding member of the French Institute.

Mr. E. B. Hunt has published a statement that the total period required for the growth of the coral limestone formation of Florida is 5,400,000 years.

The Great International Dog Show held at Paris possessed great interest from the scientific point of view. M. Cremière, the photographer to the Emperor, has published an album containing sixty photographic portraits of the best specimens.

This night (Monday, the 1st of June) a total eclipse of the moon took place, beginning at 9.46 and ending at 1.6 in the morning. What rendered the spectacle unusually beautiful was that the earth's satellite was almost at its full.

Dr. Norton Shaw (for so many years the active and energetic secretary of the Royal Geographical Society) has resigned his post, on the ground of health, and the society has voted him the sum of 500*l.* by way of testimonial.

The *Field* announces that the second anniversary dinner of the Acclimatisation Society is fixed to be held at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, July 1, when it is expected that his grace the Duke of Newcastle, the new president of the society, will take the chair. It is furthermore announced that no efforts will be spared to render the dinner this year at least equal to that which attracted such attention and curiosity last year.

Forty-five candidates are up for election at the Royal Society. The council has selected the following fifteen for the election, which is to take place on Thursday, the 4th inst.:—"E. W. Cooke, Esq., W. Crookes, Esq., J. Ferguson, Esq., F. Field, Esq., Rev. R. Harley, J. R. Hind, Esq., C. W. Merrifield, Esq., Professor D. Oliver, F. W. Pavey, M.D., W. Piggelly, Esq., H. E. Roscoe, Esq., Rev. G. Salmon, D.D., S. J. A. Salter, Esq., Rev. A. P. Stanley, DD., and Col. F. M. Eardley Wilmott, R.A." The Royal Society has elected Professor H.G. Magnus, of Berlin, one of its foreign members. The Professor is celebrated as a chemist. Jacob Steiner, the eminent and aged mathematician, was also to have been elected; but he died before the day of election.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held in the large room of the Royal Society, at Burlington House, Sir Roderick I. Marchison in the chair. The report of the council set forth the great progress made by the society. The Founder's Gold Medal for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery, was awarded to Mr. F. T. Gregory, for his successful explorations in Western Australia, during which he fixed astronomically 58 positions for latitude, and 19 for longitude. The Victoria Gold Medal was awarded to Mr. J. Arrowsmith, for the very important services he has rendered to geographical science in general, and especially to the Royal Geographical Society from its foundation up to the present time. Gold watches, bearing complimentary inscriptions, have also been awarded to Mr. William Landsborough and Mr. John McKinlay, and to Mr. Frederick Walker, for successful explorations in Australia. In the evening the anniversary dinner of the society was held at Willis's Rooms, when about 200 Fellows were present.

The Royal Colosseum, Regent's-park, is now open for the season, under the direction of Mr. A. Nimmo.

The ladies of Cumberland have been presenting the Princess of Wales with a cap mounted in real Cumbrian silver.

The Annual *Conversazione* of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers will be held to-morrow (Tuesday).

Dr. Cureton, canon of Westminster and rector of St. Margaret's, has been appointed corresponding member for the Section of Oriental Languages of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

Madame de Lamartine, the wife of the poet, died last month, and was buried at Macon on Saturday, the 23rd ult. Madame de Lamartine was an English lady.

The first great horticultural show of the season was given on Wednesday, the 27th ult., by the Royal Horticultural Society in the vacant buildings once occupied by the Great International Exhibition. As the weather was splendid, the fashionable crowds who attended seemed to regret that the show was not held in the open air.

The South Kensington authorities have issued a circular stating that the annual May examinations of the pupils of the Science Schools and Classes by the Department of Science and Art have just terminated, and the result shows a very satisfactory increase in the number of centres of examination and the number of pupils who have come up to be examined, as compared with last year.

M. Guizot having written a preface to a translation of the "Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort," Her Majesty has sent over to him a copy of the work, bound in white morocco, on the fly-leaf of which she has written in her own hand:—"To M. Guizot, in remembrance of the best of men, and with the expression of gratitude for the sincere homage which he has rendered to him. From his unfortunate widow, VICTORIA R."

The Swiss have established an Alpine Club under the title of "Schweizerische Alpen Club," at Berne. It is supported by numerous eminent men in that country who are desirous of rendering it a medium of communication among Alpine explorers. It is also intended to encourage as far as possible the exploration of high mountains and peaks, and to erect huts for shelter and scientific observation in the best localities.

The Camden Society has issued the following list of suggested publications:—"Vindication of the Government of Queen Elizabeth in the matter of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots," from a MS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Winnington, Bart., M.P.; "Letters of Charles II., from the Originals in the possession of the Marquess of Bristol." The report of the auditors showed a considerable balance in hand; and the places of the retiring members of council were filled by the names of Lord Farnham, Sir Frederic Madden, and William Salt, Esq. The annual meeting was held on the 2nd of May.

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., has been elected to the vacant trusteeship of the British Museum, in the place of the late Lord Lansdowne.

The incompetence of the Great Exhibition Management is to be celebrated by the elevation of Mr. Sandford, the secretary of the Commissioners, to the dignity of knighthood.

The obituary of the month includes the name of M. Léon de Wailly, a well-known French man of letters. M. de Wailly wrote some popular novels, and translated Burns's poems and Mr. Thackeray's "Emond" into French.

The annual dinner of the Royal Literary fund was held at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, the 13th ult., the Right Hon. the Earl Stanhope in the chair. There was a large attendance of the so-called patrons of literature and publishers; but few literary men of any mark. The chairman made a speech in which he congratulated his audience that, at a period when French critics were deploring the want of poetical talent in their contemporary literature, England could boast of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Monckton Milnes. Of the Laureate, we cannot object to make our boast; but remembering that France has at this moment, among her living poets, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Pierre Dupont, perhaps the less said of the feeble follower of Wordsworth who wrote "The Flight of Time," the better.

The *Siecle* asks where the French Universal Exhibition of 1865 is to be held. The French Exhibition of 1855 and that of London last year were marked, the writer declares, by a great number of blunders which ought for the future to be carefully avoided; what took place in Paris in 1855 in the Champs-Élysées was nothing but an experiment in which the various products were sadly and injuriously separated. England in 1862, our contemporary declares, fell into many similar faults, and France, should now endeavour to make the coming exhibition decisive—that is, either the starting-point of a new and greatly-improved system, or the last to be held in the country. The article then proceeds to consider where should be the site of the next Exhibition Palace: "In the first place," it says, "the preliminary question to be solved is the site of the exhibition. The Champs-Élysées must not be thought of. The heavy pile of stone reared there by a private company is a mere chapel, and a temple is what we want. Then, again, the Champs-Élysées barely suffice for their present use: they are the garden of the western Parisians, a garden already incumbered with the circus, the diorama, concert-coffeehouses, restaurants, squares, and fountains. To think of depriving Paris of its favourite promenade, to renew the faults of 1855, is quite out of the question. We must, therefore, look elsewhere, but without going too far, as the mass of the public would not follow. An exhibition so extensive and so important as that of 1865 must be accessible to all without too much fatigue or any great loss of time. Let us see! Have we not in the immediate neighbourhood of the Champs-Élysées an admirable locality which seems expressly intended for an exhibition—the Champ de Mars, and opposite the Champ de Mars those heights from which the eye commands the most splendid of panoramas, the Trocadero? The Seine lies between them, and is not the Seine the great highway which will convey to the exhibition the greater part of the articles intended to be shown? The Champ de Mars is 1200 metres long by 800 wide. What a site to be utilised? The Trocadero is spacious enough to receive the exhibition of fine arts, however vast and complete we may suppose it. The Champ de Mars for industry, the Trocadero for art. The visitor would only have to cross the Pont d'Iéna to see the two exhibitions. We do not think it possible to find a better place for the approaching exhibition than that which we propose; it is at once spacious, easy of access, and convenient for water carriage. We must not neglect any means in our power to prepare the success of the next universal exhibition, avoiding the faults committed at Paris in 1855, at London in 1862, if we would not have industry, weary of onerous sacrifices, relinquish these grand competitions, these peaceful struggles of human labour."

On Wednesday next (the 3rd inst.) Mr. William Hawes will read a paper before the Society of Arts "On the Results of the International Exhibition," and the Duke of Cambridge will preside.

The *soirée* held by the members and friends of the Society of Pure Literature, at Willis's Rooms, went off very successfully. The object, as stated by the prospectus of the society, is "to facilitate the diffusion throughout the country of literature of a moral and unexceptionable, or, as its name indicates, of a 'pure' character." Upwards of 2000 volumes of various works already selected by the society were displayed in the room, as well as a large number of engravings of a scriptural and moral character. The work to which the greatest interest attached was a magnificently bound volume of the "Illustrated Family Bible," just published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, which is to be presented by the society to the Princess of Wales. The volume is superbly bound in Levant blue morocco, most elaborately ornamented with gold in the Harleian style, inlaid in various coloured moroccos, after the style of a volume belonging to Charles II. now in the library at Crewe Hall. In the centre of each side of the cover the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales are emblazoned. The edges of the book are gilt and worked in harmony with the design of the cover. The inner joints are of leather, inlaid in colours corresponding with those of the binding of the cover, and the lining is of rich watered crimson silk, with borders worked in gold. The meeting was addressed in the course of the evening by the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Charles Russell, the Bishop of Mauritius, and the Hon. Mr. Kinnaird, M.P.

A committee has been formed for the purpose of aiding in the collection of a Shakespeare Fund, and to aid Mr. Halliwell in his pious efforts to preserve the objects illustrative of the life and works of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have kindly consented to give recitations from Shakespeare and other English poets, at St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, the 26th of June, for the benefit of the Fund. The names of the committee, as already published, are as follows:—The Duke of Newcastle, K.G., President; the Earl of Carlisle, K.G.; the Earl of Granville, K.G.; the Earl of Dunraven, F.R.S.; Lord Lonsborough; Lord Vernon; Lord Justice Knight Bruce, F.R.S.; the Lord Mayor of London; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.; Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., K.C.B.; Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart.; R. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P.; R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.; C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P.; H. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P.; William Tite, Esq., M.P.; E. F. Flower, Esq., Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon; C. H. Bracebridge, Esq.; General Sabine, President R.S.; Hermann Merivale, Esq., C.B.; the Rev. Alexander Dyce; Benjamin Webster, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq., F.S.A.; the Rev. William Harnes, M.A.; Henry Johnson, Esq.; John Wilkinson, Esq., F.S.A.; Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.; F. W. Cosens, Esq.; Frederick Haines, Esq., F.S.A.; J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., Hon. Sec.; W. C. Macready, Esq.; D. Maclise, Esq., R.A. If this committee will also take in hand the proper carrying out of the Tercentenary celebration next year, we may be sure that it will be well done.

The many novelties recently added to Madame Tussaud's splendid gallery deserve the attention of everybody who takes advantage of holiday times in Whitsuntide to visit public exhibitions. The apartments are so full of admirably-modelled groups, both historical and connected with ancient as well as recent events, that it is impossible to pass through them without deriving a sort of information which can be obtained nowhere else. There is a very noble group of Edward III., his Queen Philippa, and his son, the chivalrous "Black Prince." Nothing in the whole collection, which consists of many scores of figures, is better than this group. In addition, an almost fabulous expense has been incurred in silks, taffeties, velvets, lace, gilding, and ornaments. The place is amongst the best sights in this great metropolis.

BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

IN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY a number of important works have made their appearance during the past month. We have Mr. William Longman's "Lectures on the History of England," delivered at Chorleywood, extending from the earliest times to the death of Edward II.; "Royal and other Historical Letters illustrative of the Reign of Henry III.," Vol. I., 1216-1235, from the originals in the Record Office, selected by the Rev. W. W. Shirley; another volume of the "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, Charles II., 1664-1665," edited by Mrs. Green; "Chronicon Abbatia di Evesham, edited by Mr. W. D. Macray; a fourth volume of the "History of the Reign of King George III.," by Mr. Massey, who brings down his narrative to the Peace of Amiens; a "History of Christian Missions in the Middle Ages," by Mr. G. F. Maclear; a third and revised edition in three volumes of Dean Milman's "History of the Jews;" a "Life of Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man," compiled chiefly from original documents, by the Rev. John Keble; a "Life of the Rev. James Robertson," a Scottish professor, by the Rev. A. H. Charteris; and a "Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking," foundress of the Society for the Care of the Sick and Poor in Hamburg, translated from the German by Miss Winkworth.

IN GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL we have a "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-39," by Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble; a "Visit to Russia in the Autumn of 1862," by Mr. Henry Moor, reprinted from *Bentley's Miscellany*; "Incidents of the Maori War, New Zealand, 1860-61," by Sir James Alexander; and "The Negeb, or South Country of Scripture, Traced and Described," by the Rev. Edward Wilton.

IN SCIENCE AND GENERAL LITERATURE there have appeared "Crystallography," by Professor W. H. Miller, designed for the use of students at the Universities; the "Great Stone Book of Nature," a popular geological work by Professor Ansted; "British Beetles," from Curtis's "British Entomology," with descriptions, by Mr. E. W. Johnson; "Tropical Fibres, their Production and Economic Construction," by Mr. E. G. Squires; "Buddhism, its Origin, History, and

Doctrines," by Mr. James de Alwis; the "Institutions of the English Government," by Mr. Homersham Cox; the "English Constitution," by Edward Fischel, translated from the second German edition; "Essays on the Pursuits of Women," by Miss Frances Power Cobbe; and the "Principles of Charitable Work, Love, Truth, Order," from the writings of Miss Sieveking.

IN FICTION there has been as usual an ample supply; "Lost and Saved," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; "Austin Elliot," by Mr. Henry Kingsley; the "Water-Babies, a Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby," by the Rev. Charles Kingsley; "Wanderings of a Beauty," by Mrs. Edwin James; "Snowed Up," by Mrs. Owen; the "Fairy-Book," the best popular fairy stories, selected and rendered anew by Miss Muloch; the "Wondrous Tale of Zadaak Bey," by Captain Curling; "A First Friendship," reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*; "Arrows in the Dark," by the author of "Said and Done;" and "Taken upon Trust," by the author of "Recommended to Mercy."

IN POETRY we have "Poems, Lyrics, Romances, Men and Woman," being the first volume of the complete edition of Mr. Robert Browning's works; "Ballads and Songs," by Miss Bessie R. Parkes; "Victories of Love," by Mr. Coventry Patmore, reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*; a second collection of "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect," by the Rev. William Barnes; "Playtime with the Poets," a selection of the best English poetry for the use of children, by a Lady; and "The Ferry Hills, a Poem."

IN THEOLOGY there have appeared the "Subjection of the Creature to Vanity," by Dean Trench; a "Letter to the Bishop of London on the State of Subscription in the Church of England and the University of Oxford," by Canon Stanley; "Hands, Head, and Heart, or the Christian Religion regarded Practically, Intellectually, and Devotionally," by the Dean of Ely; the "Book of Job," by the late Dr. Croly; "Discussions on Church Principles," by the late Professor Cunningham; "Lectures on the Gospel according to St. John," by the Rev. George J. Brown; a new edition in seven volumes of the works of the Rev. Ralph Erskine; "Sermons" from the original notes of the late Rev. J. H. Evans, edited by his Widow; the

"Politics of Christianity," by Mr. Edward Miall, reprinted from the *Nonconformist* of 1847-48; the "Pentateuch and its Relation to the Jewish and Christian Dispensations," by the Rev. Andrews Norton; "Christianity and Common-Sense," by Sir Willoughby Jones; and "Moses Right and Colenso Wrong," by the Rev. Dr. Cumming.

MAY, poetically speaking, may be a very merry month; but except in farmer and market-gardener speech, she is generally the dullest, the dreariest, of all her sister and brother months. The most petted by people who make lines, and get butts of sherry for a gill of water in her praise, she most pouteth. May can't make up her mind to be agreeable until she sees the approach of June, and then she is all smiles and perfumes, puts on her prettiest gown and flower-bordered apron, garlands her hair, and endeavours to fortify herself, in the eyes of men and mortals, sweethearts and landscape-painters, against the charms of her coming rival. The fact is, that May, in the latitude and longitude of London at least, is a very vixen, a shrew, a jade. Until she enters about her fourth lustre (of days) she frowns in clouds, "blows-up" in winds, bites in frost, weeps in frantic showers of hail and sleet, and behaveth herself unseemly in multiplying puddles and spoiling pretty bonnets. The past May has spoilt a "Derby Day," the past May appears to have been under the dominion of some planet adverse to literature. In the latter respect the chronicle of the month is a blank and dreary one. If there has been anything cheerful in book or treatise at home, the same cannot be said of book and treatise abroad. A heaviness appears to have settled upon the Continent—a heaviness perhaps having its origin in "a fear of change." In metrical quintals, the French press in its exportations keeps up to the mark, and so too does the German. There is weight satisfactory to the *donane*, but no succulence to the public, except in certain scientific and theological treatises. May, too, is the "month of Mary," when good books printed in the name, or in honour of, the "Queen of Heaven" do much abound, and are to be seen in respectable shop-windows and on orthodox bookstalls. In France, Southern Germany, and portions of Italy, the "Mary Month Literature" has all its own way, has infinite customers yielding more to earthly cashboxes than perhaps to treasures stored in heaven. On the Continent literature has for some time past been dimly and drearily represented. It has put forward nothing "sensational." This—otherwise a wholesome sign—would be well if it had put forth anything profitable. And yet, perhaps, we are unreasonable in wishing to gather cherries where there are no cherry-trees. In France and Germany we await the advent of a new generation. The *belles-lettres* have no representative from Cadiz to the North Cape. Spain has not a name of mark; Portugal, as far as we know, is represented only by wine circulars. Italy is political; and France politico-theological. Germany is great in post-office and steamboat directories, guide-books, catechisms, cures for toothache, hints for the drawing-room, how to speak, when to speak, when to bow, how to bow, when to sit down, when to stand up. Ready-reckoners also are in the market. Colenso's Arithmetic has been translated into German; and so have been Mr. Wilkie Collins's "No Name" and "Woman in White." The Dutch do nothing except in heavy divinity. There is intellectual life in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, but thanks to the authorities at the British Museum, who have the means at command to gratify public curiosity in all that is passing in the *belles-lettres* in these and other countries, it is late in the day before we can tell the characteristics of this life. We have reason to believe that there is great mental activity on the shores of the Baltic, and this activity is best seen in magazine and journal; but magazine and journal, in spite of Government grants and steam navigation, are long in finding their way hitherwards. In short, the literary world abroad has been very dull lately, and if there be a genius here and there his star has not yet been able to penetrate the dense clouds which envelope the first decade of the second half of the Nineteenth Century. It may be that we are about to have a new manifestation of intellectual life. Books, magazines, newspapers, are but special forms of it—those with which we are best acquainted. A new generation will very likely supersede the form of the book in its own way.

"Les Matinées; ou, l'Art de Régner," a tract written by Frederick the Great, the authentic text of which has been published for the first time by Williams and Norgate, and warranted a genuine article, is sufficiently amusing. Frederick treats first of the origin of his house, and is not over complimentary to his ancestors. The house of Hohenzollern, he informs us, had its Achilles, its Ciceros, its Nestors, and likewise "its imbeciles, its do-nothings, its learned woman, its step-mothers, and, most certainly, its *femmes galantes*." . . . If we count the virtues of our ancestors, we shall easily see that it was not to these that our house owed its aggrandisement; for the most part, we have had very ill-conducted princes; chance and circumstances have favoured us. I would have you observe that our first diadem was placed on one of the vainest and lightest of heads, on a hunchbacked and twisted body." Of the position of his kingdom he does not greatly boast. "I am not happy on that point. To convince you (he is addressing his nephew), cast your eyes upon the map; and you will see that a large portion of my estates is divided in such manner that they cannot render each other mutual aid. I have no great rivers traversing my provinces; some border, but none intersect them." The soil is not to his satisfaction: "A third of my estates is untillied; another third in woods, rivers, and marshes; the third part cultivated produces neither wines nor olives; all the fruits and vegetables are the result of great care, but none arrive at perfection. I have only some cantons where rye and wheat have a reputation." Of his subjects he gives a rather sorry estimate: "All I can say of them for certain is that in general they are brave and hardy, not dainty, but drunkards, tyrants on their estates, and slaves in my service, insipid lovers, and morose husbands; of great *sang froid*, which I count stupidity; learned in law, small in philosophy, little as poets, and less as orators; affecting great simplicity in dress, but fancying themselves in fashion with a small ringlet under a large hat, ruffles an ell wide, boots up to the middle, a small cane, a short coat, and a long waistcoat. As to the

women, they are always pregnant or nurses; they are very mild, loving their homes, and sufficiently faithful to their husbands. Then the girls, they enjoy privilege *à la mode*. I am so little troubled about it that I have sought to excuse their weaknesses in my memoirs. We must put these poor creatures at their ease. . . . The better to encourage them I take care to give my regiments preference to the fruits of their love, and if they owe the day to officers I make them ensigns and officers before their turn." Frederick is not very measured in his language, and indeed the editor has been obliged to excise some portions of it. He declares that religion is absolutely necessary in a State. "A king is very awkward when he permits his subjects to abuse it, but a king is not wise to have any of it. . . . The true religion of a prince desires the interest of man and his own glory. . . . He must, however, preserve the external of religion to accommodate himself to those who are about him. If he fears God, or if, to speak like women and priests, he fears hell, like Louis XIV. in his old age, he becomes timid, and is fit only to be a Capuchin." Further, he says that the best way for a prince to drive fanaticism out of his kingdom is to be the most indifferent about religion. He sums up the character of the various religious sects in his kingdom, and is very hard on the Romish priest. "As to the Jews, they are poor little wandering rogues, who are, at bottom, not so bad as they are called. Repulsed, hated, persecuted nearly everywhere, they pay exactly those who put up with them, and avenge themselves in duping the fools they meet on their road." He further tells his dear nephew, "My father had an excellent project, but he did not succeed in it. He engaged the President Loen to draw up a small treatise on religion, to unite the three Christian sects so as to have only one. The President spake ill of the Pope, treated St. Joseph jauntily, took St. Roch's dog by the ear, and pulled the tail of St. Anthony's pig. He did not believe in the chaste Susannah; he looked on St. Bernard and St. Dominic as cunning cheats. He had as much faith in the eleven thousand virgins as he had in the saints and martyrs of the family of Loyola." Much more to the same purpose follows; but the projected treatise never was published. From religion the King passes to justice: "We owe justice to our subjects as they owe us respect. I understand by that, my dear nephew, that we must do justice to men, and above all to subjects, when they do not upset our rights or injure our authority. For there ought to be no equality between the right of the monarch and the right of the subject or the slave. But he ought to be just and firm when the question is to judge or establish right between one subject and another. It is an act which of itself can make us adored, but we must take care not to be overthrown by it. Imagine Charles I. conducted to the scaffold by that justice which the people clamoured for. I am born too ambitious to suffer that there should be anything in my States to vex me, and certainly this is what has obliged me to make a new code." Writing of politics, the monarch is all candour: "I understand by the word politics that we must endeavour to dupe others; this is the way to have the advantage of, or at least to be on the level with, other men." He counsels his dear nephew not to blush in making alliances when he can draw the sole advantage from them, and not to making the gross mistake of withdrawing from them when he has nothing to gain—"above all, maintain this maxim to the utmost, that as we despoil our neighbours, we take away from them the means of injuring us." And here is an interesting bit of autobiography;

A prince ought only to show his best side, and to this you must apply yourself very seriously. When I was Prince Royal, I was not much of a military man, I liked ease, good cheer, and was often head and ears in love. When king I appeared a soldier, philosopher, and poet; I slept on straw, I ate army-bread at the head of my camp. I appeared to despise women. Behold how I conducted my actions. In my travels I go always without guards, and I march day and night; my suite is small but well chosen. My carriage is simple, but well suspended, and I sleep in it as in my bed. I appear to give little attention to my mode of living; a lacquey, a cook, a pastry-cook are all the equipage of my mouth. I order my own dinner, and this I don't do amiss, because I know the country and demand game, fish, flesh, and what it produces of the best. When I arrive at any place I have always an air of fatigue, and show myself in public in a very bad surtout, and a badly-combed peruke. These things often produce a singular impression. I give audience to all, except to priests, ministers, and monks; as these gentry are accustomed to speak from a distance, I listen to them from my window, a page receives them and makes my compliments at the door. In all I do I have always the air of thinking only on the welfare of my subjects.

So he chatted with nobles, shopkeepers, and mechanics, always dissembling, "Do you remember that poor fellow who pined me for giving myself so much trouble after a long war, and that other who was so sorry to see my shabby surtout and small platters. Poor man! he did not know that I had a good coat underneath, and thought that one could not live if he had not a ham and a quarter of veal to dinner." The monarch has a curious paragraph on the review of his troops, and his method of ingratiating himself with the man, and in conciliating or punishing his officers. "Do you recollect," he writes, "how I punished that major who gave too-short shirts to his regiment; I did all that a soldier had the hardihood to do, I stripped the shirt from his breeches. If a regiment manoeuvres badly, I have a method of punishing it. I order that it shall be exercised a fortnight longer, and have no officer to eat with me at table; if it manoeuvres well, I have my captains and a few lieutenants to dine with me." He makes no secret of his vanity: "I have done all I can to establish for myself a reputation in the *belles-lettres*, and have been more fortunate than the Cardinal de Richelieu, for, God be praised, I pass for an author." But of authors, or the *beaux-esprits*: "but of this cursed race, between ourselves, they are a people unsupportable through their vanity, pride, contempt of the great, but greedy of grandeur, tyrants in their oppositions, implacable enemies, inconstant friends, hard in their dealings, often adulators and satirical in the same day. There is such and such a poet who would refuse my kingdom if he were obliged to give up two of his finest verses. There are men, however, who are necessary to a prince who would reign despotically, and who loves glory." Whoever has the chance of perusing this small pamphlet, will find that the successors of Frederick have not been slow to take advantage of some

of them. "State policy reduces itself to three principles: the first is to take care of one's self and aggrandise one's self according to circumstances; the second, to ally one's self only for the advantage of one's self; and the third, to make one's self feared and respected even in times the most troublesome." To cast dust in the eyes of a stranger is a maxim with which the fifth *Matinée* concludes: "When a stranger comes to court, load him with civilities, and endeavour above all to have him always about you; it is the only way to hide the vices of our government. If he is a military man, handle before him the regiment of guards, and be sure that it is you who commands it. If he is a genius who has composed a work, let him see it on your table, and speak of its merits. If he is a merchant, listen to him with kindness, caress him, and try to attach him to you." For downright plain speaking and egotism, "Les Matinées Royales" will compare with any open confessions which have ever been made.

MR. MURRAY will publish next week "A Popular History of the Races of the Old World," designed as a Manual of Ethnology, by Mr. Charles L. Brace. "OLD NEW ZEALAND, being Incidents of Native Customs and Character," by Pakeha Maori, is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. THOMAS WATTS, of the British Museum, will shortly publish a volume of *Essays on Language and Literature*.

MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE will appear this month as a novelist. Her work will be in two volumes, entitled "False Positions."

MR. OWEN MEREDITH has just ready for publication a prose work, "The Ring of Amasis, from the Papers of a German Physician."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has in preparation a volume of *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*.

THE THIRD volume of Washington Irving's *Life and Letters* will be published in a few weeks by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Bohn.

THE MIRROR, the weekly newspaper started on the 25th of April, ceased to exist with its fourth number.

"AN ERRAND to the South in the Summer of 1862," by the Rev. W. W. Malet, will be published shortly by Mr. Bentley.

BISHOP COLENSO will publish this month the third part of his critical examination of the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua. The forthcoming volume will be devoted to the Book of Deuteronomy.

"STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS, their Mutual Relations, with Special Researches on the Action of Alcohol, Ether, and Chloroform on the Vital Organism," by Dr. Anstie, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, Vicar of Heston, has a volume just ready entitled, "Parson and People; or, Incidents in the Every-day Life of a Clergyman." It will be published by Messrs. Seeleys.

MR. H. SPICER, who some ten years ago formally brought spiritualism before the English public in a work called "Sights and Sounds," has another volume on the same subject just ready, entitled "Strange Things among us."

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON, once member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, has recovered damages to the amount of 150*l.* from the *Hampshire Advertiser*, for a passage in which the editor described him as a "hired advocate" in a late Parliamentary contest at Southampton.

MESSRS. S. LOW, SON, AND CO. announce an important work on Australian exploration, namely, "Tracks of McKinlay and party across Australia," by John Davis, one of the Expedition; edited from Mr. Davis's manuscript journal, with an introductory view of the recent Australian explorations of M'Donnell Stuart, Burke and Wills, Landsborough and others by Mr. William Westgarth.

THE HON. MRS. WARD has in preparation, uniform with her former work, "Telescope Teachings," a volume entitled "Microscopic Teachings; or Descriptions of various objects of especial interest and beauty, adapted for Microscopic Observation."

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO. announce an edition of the New Testament, illustrated with engravings on wood from the old masters, under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Shaw. The first edition, printed on large paper, of the full quarto size, will be limited to 250 copies, and the price will be ten guineas. Those persons who may desire to possess a copy of this edition are requested to apply direct to Messrs. Longman and Co.

THE DEMAND FOR SHAKESPEARE is happily inexhaustible. Messrs. Clark and Glover have just issued the first volume of their Cambridge Shakespeare, and now the Rev. Alexander Dyce announces a re-issue of his edition in eight volumes, at intervals of two months. This edition will not be a mere reprint of that which appeared in 1857. On the contrary, it will present a text very materially altered and amended from beginning to end; with a large body of critical notes almost entirely new; and with a glossary, in which the language of the poet, his allusions to customs, &c., will be fully explained. The Cambridge Shakespeare is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and Mr. Dyce's by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY held its annual meeting in Exeter Hall on Wednesday, 6th May, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. It appeared from the report that the receipts of the year ending March 31. 1863, applicable to the general purposes of the society have amounted to 84,263*l.*; and the amount received for Bibles and Testaments has been 78,727*l.* 4*s.*; making the total receipts from the ordinary sources of income, 157,990*l.* 4*s.*, being 9693*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* less than in the preceding year. To the above must be added the sum of 703*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* for Chinese New Testament Fund, and 57*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* for the special fund for India; making a grand total of 158,750*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* The issues of the society for the year are as follows: From the depot at home, 1,518,469; from depôts abroad, 615,391; total, 2,133,860 copies and parts. The total issues of the society now amounts to 43,044,334 copies. The ordinary payments have amounted to 144,946*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*, and the payments on account of the special funds to 5592*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*; making the total expenditure of the year to amount to 150,539*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.*, being 5539*l.* 1*s.* more than in the preceding year. The society is under engagements to the extent of 94,285*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*

THE PURE LITERATURE SOCIETY held its annual *soirée* at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, 20th May. The object for which the Pure Literature Society has been formed, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, is to facilitate the diffusion throughout the country of literature of a moral and unexceptionable, or, as it name indicates, of a "pure" character. Upwards of 2000 volumes of various works already selected by the society were displayed in the room, as well as a large number of engravings of a Scriptural and moral character. The work to which the greatest interest attached was a magnificently-bound Illustrated Family Bible, which is to be presented by the society to the Princess of Wales. The volume is superbly bound in Levant blue morocco, elaborately ornamented with gold in the Harleian style. In the centre of each side of the cover the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales are emblazoned. A copy of the same work, also elegantly bound, was presented by the society to its president, the Earl of Shaftesbury, who, in an appropriate address, expressed his thanks to the society. The meeting was addressed in the course of the evening by the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Charles Russell, the Bishop of Mauritius, and the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P.

MR. BENTLEY will publish, in a few days, a popular edition in one volume of Mrs. Wood's novel "Mrs. Hallibarton's Troubles."

MR. TENNYSON's new volume, we hear, is likely to appear before Christmas.

MR. TUPPER's "Proverbial Philosophy" will be published in a cheap people's edition by Messrs. Hatchard and Co., this month.

THE PARTHENON expired on Saturday last.

DR. SPENCER THOMSON has in the press "Wayside Weeds and their Teachings; or, Botanical Lessons from the Lanes and Hedgerows."

MR. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM is making a selection of the choicest British Ballads for Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series."

MRS. HOWITT has a new juvenile work nearly ready, entitled "The Poet's Children," which Mr. A. W. Bennett will publish.

ANOTHER PENNY WEEKLY periodical commenced life on Saturday last called the *Reflector*.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has in the press a volume consisting of six discourses on "The Word of God and the Ground of Faith."

"A TOUR IN TARTANLAND," by Cuthbert Bede, is announced by Mr. Bentley.

MRS. YONGE's "History and Derivation of Christian Names," which has been steadily advertised for more than a year past, will make its appearance in two volumes this month or next.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS commence this month the publication of Professor Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianae," in twelve shilling parts, illustrated with portraits engraved on steel.

"ICELAND; ITS SCENES AND ITS SAGAS," by Mr. S. Baring Gould, will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., with a map and many illustrations.

"A HISTORY of the Attempts to Use Electro-Magnetism as a Motive-Power, the Causes of Failure, and the Ultimate Certainty of Success," by Mr. J. Baynes Thompson, is announced.

"ST. PAUL'S," a penny weekly magazine of sixteen pages folio, a size larger than any yet attempted, has been started. Mr. George Stiff gets the credit of the enterprise.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON's History of Europe, from the Battle of Waterloo to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, is to be issued by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, in twenty-eight monthly shilling parts. The first will be published in July.

THE STORY about Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton having received one thousand dollars from certain publishers in Mobile, for the copyright of his "Strange Story," proves, on inquiry, to be a fiction.

THE REV. W. CURETON, D.D., Canon of Westminster, has been elected a corresponding member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg (section of Oriental languages). Dr. Cureton belongs to the principal academies of Europe, and is a member of the French Institute.

THE REV. E. HAROLD BROWNE, Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, has in the press a work entitled "The Pentateuch and the Elohist Psalms," in reply to Bishop Colenso. It will be published by Messrs. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

MR. TUPPER is usually reckoned the most successful English poet, so far as the sale of his books is concerned; but in this respect we think there must be a mistake, and that Mr. Keble should be placed before him. Messrs. Parkers have just published a seventy-fourth edition of his "Christian Year."

"A DIGEST OF MAHOMEDAN LAW, on Subjects to which that Law is usually applied by Courts of Justice in British India," compiled and translated from authorities in the original Arabic, by Mr. Neil B. E. Baillie, is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. RICHARD SIMPSON, of King William-street, Strand, has sent us his sixty-eighth Catalogue of Curiosities and Miscellanies in Literature, which, as usual, embraces a rare variety of odd and out-of-the-way books. Such catalogues are anything but dull reading, and, quite apart from their commercial use, are well worth preservation.

THE TASTE for genealogical pursuits and family history appears to be considerably on the increase. Those who look occasionally into catalogues of second-hand books will have remarked the recent attention bestowed upon such apparently dry things as old Directories, Army and Navy Lists a century old, and Peerages and Court Guides musty with age. These old books of reference are now found to contain the most valuable biographical information. Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, ministering to this taste, will publish next week, "The Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers, containing the Names of the Officers in the Royal and Parliamentary Armies of 1642," now first reprinted from the comparatively unknown originals, and edited, with notes, by Ed. Peacock, F.S.A. "The Mystery of the Good Old Cause, Sarcastic Notices of those Members of the 'Long Parliament' that held places, both Civil and Military, contrary to the 'Self Denying Ordinance,'" with the sums of Money and Lands divided among themselves," now first reprinted from the excessively rare original. Both the preceding are printed with "Baskerville" type. The paper used has been made from linen rags, thus insuring a continuance of the original colour, which is not the case with that made from cotton, the ordinary material. At the same time will be issued: "A Handbook to the Topography and Family History of England and Wales; a Descriptive Account of Twenty Thousand most Curious and Rare Books, Old Tracts, Ancient MSS., and Engravings relating to the History of the Principal Landed Estates and old Families in the Country, interspersed with numerous Anecdotes and Antiquarian Notes."

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO. AND W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS will in a few days take possession of the handsome block of buildings which they have erected in Paternoster-row, on the site of their old premises, partially destroyed by fire two years ago. From the corner of Warwick-lane the whole frontage can be seen at a glance, and we cannot but regret that so much beauty is lost in so confined a situation. The style is the Renaissance, and the façade is executed in Portland stone. On the keystone of the arch of the central entrance to Messrs. Longman's premises is an allegorical group, representing Literature supported by the Arts, Sciences, and Education; on the spandrels are the Ship and the Swan, which have been trade signs of these premises since the great fire of London. Above and below these are carved the emblems of Wisdom, Wit, and Eloquence; the lower tympanum contains the monogram of Messrs. Longman's firm, surrounded by emblematical foliage. The central entrance is ornamented with dwarf columns of polished granite. The thistle is introduced in the capitals on the premises of the publishers of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The floors of Messrs. Longman's premises throughout are carried upon wrought-iron girders and cast-iron columns, the caps of the columns on the ground and the one-pair stories being enriched with foliage executed in hammered iron. The entrance hall and inner hall are to be paved with encaustic tiles, and the decorative parts of the walls executed in polished Scagliola, with polished oak for the doors and other joiner's work. The principal staircase is of stone. In the lavatories the floors are paved with encaustic tiles, and the walls lined with glazed tiles to reflect light and prevent absorption. Lifts are provided for ready transfer of goods between the several stories. The greater part of the stories are warmed by hot water, and are ventilated by the syphon ventilators. The architects are Messrs. Griffith and Henry Dawson, of Finsbury-place South; the builders, Messrs. Ashby and Horner.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO. have three new novels just ready for issue, entitled "Forbidden Fruit," "Adrian l'Estrange," and "Chesterford, and some of its People."

ANOTHER VOLUME of Mrs. Oliphant's "Chronicles of Carlingford," containing "The Curate" and "The Doctor's Family," will be published next week.

"MEMORABLE EVENTS in the Life of a London Physician" will be published in one volume, by Messrs. Virtue, Brothers, in a few days.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH will publish this month a half-crown pamphlet on the question, Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?

MR. CHARLES SWAIN has a new volume of poems nearly ready.

THE RIGHT HON. WM. KEOGH, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, is engaged on a history of Ireland from the Union.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE has a volume consisting of three plays in the press: 1. An English Tragedy; 2. Mary Stuart, translated from Schiller; and 3. Mademoiselle de Belleisle, translated from Alexandre Dumas.

POSTAGE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—It is believed, says the *Times*, that arrangements are on the eve of completion for a uniform and international postage system, at reduced rates, between France and England.

SOME BRISTOL DILETTANTI commence this month a shilling magazine, entitled *Art Life in the West of England*. It will be published in London by Messrs. Bell and Daldy.

A DESK BOOK OF ENGLISH SYNONYMS, by Mr. John Sherer, designed to afford assistance in composition will shortly be published by Messrs. Groombridge and Sons.

"REMINISCENCES OF BYGONE DAYS, with a Memoir of the late General Sir James Kempt," by Colonel H. B. Harris, is announced by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

CAPTAIN C. C. CHESNEY, Professor of Military History at Sandhurst, has in the press "A Military View of the Recent Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland."

MR. COWDEN CLARKE has in the press a volume on "Shakespeare Characters, chiefly those Subordinate." The greater characters, Mr. Clarke says, have had full justice done to them; but the minor actors have, to a greater extent, been overlooked. Yet in them we find marks of design, and a large amount of character, wit, and humour.

LETTERS TO SWEDEN.—On the 1st of June next, and thenceforward, the postage of letters for Sweden, forwarded by the Swedish mail packets from Hull to Gottenburg will be reduced to the same charge as that now levied upon letters sent *via* Belgium and Prussia. *viz.*: For a letter not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 1s.; above $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and not exceeding 1oz., 2s.; above 1oz. and not exceeding 2oz., 4s. Every ounce after the first, 2s.

UNDER THE TITLE of "The Farm Homesteads of England," Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in twelve monthly parts, a collection of Plans of English Homesteads, existing in different districts of the country, selected from the most approved specimens of farm architecture, with a digest of the leading principles recognised in the construction and arrangement of the buildings, edited by J. Bailey Denton, M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S.

"WINE, THE VINE, AND THE CELLAR" is the title of a new work now in the press, written by Mr. Thomas George Shaw, a well-known authority on matters relating to wine and the wine trade. Besides a minute account of the wines of all countries, this work will contain personal reminiscences of forty years' experience in the docks, in the wine trade, and in the various wine-growing countries, interspersed with anecdotes and gossip, and enlivened by a selection of the most poetical and characteristic French and German songs, sung by wine growers and makers in praise of the juice of the grape. The object of the work is to combine practical information of use to both the wine-merchant and the consumer with such authentic particulars as will interest readers in general, especially those who desire to obtain a fuller knowledge of wine and its treatment than can at present be found in any book on the subject. A copious alphabetical list will be given of every known wine, stating the place of its production, its distinguishing characteristics and properties, and its commercial value; and the volume will be completed by a series of statistical tables, exhibiting the progress of the English wine trade, and showing the operation of the lately-modified wine duties on consumption in the United Kingdom.

LONDON LIBRARY.—The twenty-second annual meeting of the members of the London Library was held on Saturday, May 30, at 12, St. James's-square. The president, the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, was in the chair. It appeared from the report that eighty-three members had been added to the library, while seventy-six had withdrawn. A comparison of the losses and additions showed a financial gain of 295*l*. The register contained altogether the names of 862 members. By the death of the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the society had lost two of its most distinguished members. A feeling allusion was made to this circumstance. It was announced to the meeting that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had graciously condescended to become patron of the library in the place of his lamented father the late Prince Consort. The Right Hon. Lord Lyttleton was elected Vice-President in the place of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon was elected trustee. The Rev. F. C. Cook and Sir John Shaw Lefevre were elected members of the committee in the place of Sir G. C. Lewis and Mr. Arthur Helps. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Hayward, Sir R. J. Phillimore, and the Bishop of St. David's, the retiring members, were re-elected. It was stated that a new edition of the Library Catalogue was nearly ready for the press. 1200 volumes and 36 pamphlets were added during the year. The number of books circulated in the same period was 24,162.

MR. A. H. RHIND has in preparation a work entitled "The Nile Valley in Relation to Chronology," which will contain among other materials the results of observations made during a voyage devoted to tracing the operations of the Nile for a thousand miles of its course—from the Second Cataract to the Sea. Among the facts embodied are the depth of water, rate of current, amount of sediment, constituents of alluvium and of sand—these and other conditions being classified with reference to respective districts. Side by side with data of this kind showing the Nile's mode of action will be given, according to the locality, the various evidences of what it has accomplished. Among such evidences are, on the one hand, measurements indicating the position of the ancient monuments in relation to the river and the alluvium, and on the other, traces of fluvial action on or near the mountains of the valley. While bringing together the proofs of the manner and degree in which the soil of the valley has been raised, it will be pointed out, from terrace-marks in the hills, and the presence of alluvial deposits and river shells at levels high above the present water-range, that in its earlier career the Nile was a destructive stream, wearing out its bed where its subsequent work has been to build it up. In reviewing the changes which have occurred during the historical period, it will be shown, with reference to Lower Nubia and Upper Egypt, that the facts require a different explanation from either of the two most current hypotheses—*viz.*, the assumed lowering of the river between Semneh and Assouan, or the bursting of a barrier at the rocks of Silsili. As to Lower Egypt, including the Delta, the subject of the rate of alluvial deposit will be investigated, and the value examined of the groofs it may afford bearing upon the antiquity of man's presence.

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO. announce a new work on Spiritualism, entitled, "From Matter to Spirit; being the Results of Ten Years Experience in Spiritual Phenomena, intended as a Guide for Inquirers, by C. D., with a Preface by A. B." We learn from the *Spiritual Magazine*, that Mrs. De Morgan is the author of this volume, and that the preface is from the pen of her husband, Professor De Morgan.

OLD BOOKS FOR EMIGRANTS.—Mr. J. G. Knight, Emigration Agent for the colony of Victoria, has written to the *Times* to ask the public for books for the use of the Manchester operatives who are about to emigrate. Many of our readers will probably be able to assist him in this excellent object. He says, very truly, "There is scarcely a house in England that does not contain some discarded volumes which would be very acceptable for my purpose, and would leave the donors none the poorer. I shall receive with gratitude any works of a serious character, but shall be equally grateful for those of a light and cheerful kind. As an old traveller, I know the value of a book in relieving the monotony of a long sea voyage. Should my sanguine hopes be realised, and a larger number of books be received than is needful for my present purpose, I would propose to devote the balance to forming the nucleus of an 'Emigrants' Library,' the books being fairly distributed among the emigrants going to any of the British colonies."

NEWSPAPER STEREOTYPING.—Few persons would suppose, remembering the rapidity with which a daily paper is composed and printed, that the "formes" could be stereotyped. Yet, so it is, and for the sake of that very rapidity. The *Engineer* gives some particulars of the mode pursued in respect of the *Times*. The pages are set up with types in the ordinary manner, and from these a paper matrix is obtained by pressure. The paper intended to receive the indentation or intaglio of these forms is prepared as follows:—Beginning with a sheet of very thin and fine but strong paper, known variously as bank-post or silver tissue, a sheet of brown paper and two or more sheets of blotting paper are successively pasted one over the other upon one side of the tissue. The opposite or face side of the tissue is dusted with powdered French chalk. The form of type is first warmed in a steam oven; and then, when taken out and laid flat, the plastic paper web, prepared for impression, and still damp with paste, is placed upon it, and the whole passed beneath a weighted roller. The impression is as perfect as if it had been made in the finest wax. The paper comes from the types without the least wrinkle, and without cutting or tearing at the edges of any one of the thousands of impressions with which it is covered. The sheet, too, is nearly dried and is ready for the moulding frame. As it is not so stiff but that it may be readily bent, the paper is now made to assume the curve corresponding to the cylinders, 64 inches in diameter, of the Applegarth presses and those made upon Hoe's plan by Mr. Whitworth. The paper mould is held between an iron back and a block of fire-clay, curved upon its face, and in this position the type metal may be poured and a stereotype plate produced in a few seconds, and perfect, with the exception of trimming the edges and planing the back, which operations are accomplished in a few minutes more. The paper mould is not burned by the contact of the melted type metal, which fuses at a comparatively low temperature. A slight discolouration and the least smell of burning are the extent of the injury to the mould, which, indeed, is good for a dozen or more casts, and may then be filled, if required, and preserved for years to be again cast from at any time. The sixteen pages of the *Times*, including its double supplement, are thus stereotyped between four o'clock and 4.40 every morning, the average time of making and finishing each plate being two minutes and a half. Instead of printing off a whole edition from a single form of type, as many like impressions may be obtained at one and the same time as there are presses for the work.

UNITED STATES.—The *New York Times* is now printed on Belgian paper, which in Belgium costs 7½ cents per pound, but which by the cost of transit and duties is doubled in price, selling in New York for 15 cents.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, the historian, by his life-long friend, Mr. George Ticknor, is now in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. One edition will be in large quarto and finely illustrated.

MR. JOHN S. MEEHAN, for thirty years Librarian of Congress, died at Washington on the 25th April, aged seventy-three.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT is at work on his great book "The Law of Nations."

MR. CARLETON, of New York, has sold upwards of a hundred thousand copies of M. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

MESSRS. WALKER, WISE, and Co., of Boston, have in the press a complete edition, in six volumes, of the works of Margaret Fuller, including her biography, written by Emerson, Channing, Greeley, and others.

MR. JOHN FOSTER KIRK is engaged on a History of the Life and Times of Charles the Bold, the hero of Scott's "Quentin Durward." Mr. Kirk was the valued assistant of Prescott, the historian, and, on his master's death, commenced this history on his own account. The second volume is already far advanced, and readers may expect the work at an early day.

WOOD PAPER.—The *Boston Courier* is now printed on paper made from wood fibre. The paper, it is said, has a very good appearance. In making this novel article a beam of timber is put into a strong cylinder, into which steam is forced at a high pressure. The power of the steam disintegrates the wood into mere threads; and so completely is this done that the dismemberment of a log of wood into riband-like filaments appears the work of magic. The fibrous filaments are easily made into paper.

THE EDITION of the British Poets, published by Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co., of Boston, has now reached 128 volumes, the works of Burns in three volumes, being the last addition. This edition for extent, uniformity, and cheapness, has never been equalled; it embraces all the best poets from Spenser to Wordsworth, with Lives, Notes, Portraits, &c. Johnson's celebrated collection contained only seventy-five volumes, and Mr. Pickering's "Aldine Poets" only reached fifty-three volumes. Of this edition Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co. have sold 500,000 volumes.

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE at Baltimore will soon be finished, but the trustees have decided not to open it until more peaceful times. The most interesting feature of the building is the library room, a splendid apartment more than ninety feet in length and forty in width. There are two corridors, one rising above, and the other around the galleries, and their aggregate length is nearly 500 feet. The Librarian has already stocked the cases with about 80,000 volumes, and liberal purchases are being made in every direction.

MR. WILLIAM C. HALL is dead, at the age of eighty. Mr. Hall has imported more books into America than any other person. He had been engaged in the business for just fifty years—his first speculation of the kind being made immediately after the last war with Great Britain, and from that time to 1830 was the period of his greatest activity. His custom was to buy books in London sometimes almost by whole shiploads, four hundred or five hundred cases—in the summer season, and bring them over, selling the shipment in the winter and spring, returning for a fresh supply. In this way he had crossed the Atlantic about two hundred times, and, many years since, calculated roughly that he had imported over three million volumes of books. Mr. Hall leaves a large fortune, estimated at above 100,000*l*.

MR. PARTON, the biographer of Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson, and Horace Greeley, has for some years been engaged upon a Life of Benjamin Franklin. For a few months, however, he has laid aside this work to write the "History of General Butler's Campaign and Administration at New Orleans."

SPURGEON IN AMERICA.—Messrs. Sheldon and Co., who publish Spurgeon's Sermons in New York, assert that they sometimes remit the preacher as much as 1000*l.* bonus on one year's sale. They have sold 300,000 volumes of his sermons.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR has changed hands, and commences a new series in octavo instead of quarto. The first number has a handsome and business-like appearance. It will be published on the 1st and 15th of each month. Messrs. Tribner and Co. are its London agents.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CORRESPONDENCE, &c., of the late Rev. Lyman Beecher, the father of the large Beecher family of preachers and authoresses, is in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York.

MR. GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK died at New York on the 30th of March, where he was born on the 17th of October, 1823. His father was a New York publisher of long standing and high repute. George, in 1848, started the *Literary World*, a weekly quarto journal, which he continued till the end of 1853 with the aid of some of the most eminent writers in the country. After this Mr. Duyckinck, associated with his brother, prepared the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," which was published in 1856, and has run through several editions. After a visit of research to England, he published in 1859 a Life of George Herbert, followed in rapid succession by Lives of Bishops Ken, Latimer, and Jeremy Taylor. The New York *Evening Post* says of these biographies and of the general literary character of their author: "A deep reverence and an almost filial fondness for the faith, the rites, and the traditions of the English Church, the growth of life-long convictions and associations, made these works a labour of love to their author. In all his efforts, Mr. Duyckinck followed the more sequestered paths of literary research, contenting himself with the fruits of those studies which are most congenial to the lovers of books, and with the approval of those whose ripper scholarship enables them to place upon the works which they commend a seal of approbation none the less genuine and enduring because it is not

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies.

INNUMERABLE are the inquiries for the second volume of Dr. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors." From the *American Publishers' Circular* we learn that the author is now, as he has been for years past, busily employed on its preparation, working at it the whole of every day, Sundays excepted; but the labour is vast! For instance, of Smiths alone he has recorded about six hundred and eighty authors, of whom more than eighty bear the prefix John. So it appears that the famous John Smith, who figures so largely in every department of private, social, political, and public life occasionally retires from active life and writes a book. The letter S alone occupied Dr. Allibone about twenty-two months. He is now at the letter T which, fortunately, is not so populous as the letter S. It is to be observed that Dr. Allibone, so far from confining himself to the limits indicated in his title-page, 1850, is in many cases bringing his register of authors and books to the present date, 1863. Delays in so great an undertaking may be easily understood and excused. Boswell tells us that when composing his Life of Johnson he was sometimes obliged "to run half over London for a date;" and Washington Irving, when employed on the Life of Washington, told a visitor (12th June, 1855), "I have been all this morning looking for a date." Let any one then imagine, if he can, the labour and time required in looking up, noting down, and verifying thousands of dates and other important facts. It is to be remembered that the "Dictionary of Authors" combines in one work three departments of literary research never before combined to the same extent; viz., 1, Biography, Who he is; 2, Bibliography, The works he wrote, and the editions of those works; 3, Criticism, Opinions on his works.

FRANCE.—THE WIFE OF M. DE LAMARTINE died on the 21st May, aged sixty-eight. She was an Englishwoman by birth. Lamartine is, himself, in very feeble health.

COUNT WALEWSKI, the *Indépendance* states, has just given a fresh proof of his solicitude for literature, by granting a pension of 3000 francs to M. Théophile Gautier.

ONE OF THE PARIS THEATRES, the Châtelet, announces a new piece, founded on the novel of "Lady Audley's Secret," and entitled "Le Secret de miss Aurora."

M. VIENNET, the senior of the forty members of the French Academy, is about to publish his great epic poem, "La Franciade," on which he has been engaged "off and on" for more than half a century. The poem was commenced in 1811, laid aside in 1814, taken up again in 1830, and, after endless interruptions, is now at last to see the light of day.

THE QUEEN AND M. GUIZOT.—"Queen Victoria," says the *Débats*, "is said to have just sent to M. Guizot a magnificent copy of the 'Speeches and Addresses of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort,' to the French translation of which work that gentleman had written a preface. This volume is bound in white morocco, and upon the fly-leaf the following words are written in the Queen's own hand: 'To M. Guizot, in remembrance of the best of men, and with the expression of gratitude for the sincere homage which he has rendered to him, from his unfortunate widow—VICTORIA R.' Can anything be more touching and more noble than this simplicity in grandeur and in grief?"

ROWLAND HILL ANTICIPATED.—"The invention of postage stamps," says the *Monde*, "is far from being so modern as is generally supposed. A postal regulation in France of the year 1653, which has recently come to light, gives notice of the creation of post-paid tickets to be used for Paris instead of money payments. These tickets were to be dated and attached to the letter or wrapped round it, in such a manner that the postman could remove and retain them on delivering the missive. These franks were to be sold by the porters of the convents, prisons, colleges, and other public institutions, at the price of one sou."

CANADA.—A monthly shilling literary magazine has been started at Toronto. It is entitled *The British American*, and is edited by Mr. H. Y. Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.

TRADE NEWS.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO., of New Burlington-street, London, have been appointed music publishers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

MR. JOHN HENRY PARKER has retired from the firm of Messrs. J. H. and J. Parker, London and Oxford, in order to devote himself to literary and archaeological pursuits. The business will be carried on by his son, Mr. James Parker, under the same name as before.

The partnership hitherto subsisting between Messrs. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt has been dissolved. Mr. Macintosh will carry on business independently, at 24, Paternoster-row, and Mr. Hunt, at 23, Holles-street. Mr. Wertheim died some time ago.

MR. BUSH, of Messrs Bickers and Bush, Leicester-square, is about to retire from that firm and commence a new business in New Bond-street.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Stationers' and Paper-manufacturers' Provident Society will take place at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, on Tuesday, the 16th of June; Charles Dickens, Esq., in the chair. Tickets, one guinea each, may be obtained from the stewards; and of Frederick West, hon. sec., 3, Charlotte-row, Mansion House. Dinner on table at half-past five o'clock precisely.

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—The twenty-fourth annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, the 19th of May, at the News Exchange, Black Horse-court, Fleet-street; Mr. Kennedy in the chair. Mr. Miles, the hon. secretary, read the report, which congratulated the members on the increasing prosperity of the society, and the fact that during the past year many members of the trade who had hitherto stood aloof had come forward and joined the society. By a wise rule of the society the election of its pensioners was limited to the amount of dividend received upon its invested stock, and this now amounting to 1925*l.*, enabled the committee to receive another pensioner on the fund, whose election would take place at the close of the meeting, making a total of five pensioners, one at 16*l.* and four at 10*l.* per annum each. The committee were enabled to announce a large addition to their funds, by means of donations received at the late anniversary dinner, presided over by Mr. Charles Dickens, to whom the thanks of the members are due. The total income of the society for the year had been 362*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*, and the expenditure 337*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*; leaving a balance on the year of 25*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* The report was adopted. Votes of thanks were given to the committee and officers. The retiring directors and auditors were re-elected. The successful candidate was Mrs. Rose Wild, widow of the late Mr. Wild, of Catherine-street, Strand, who polled 289 votes against 91 given for Mrs. Livett.

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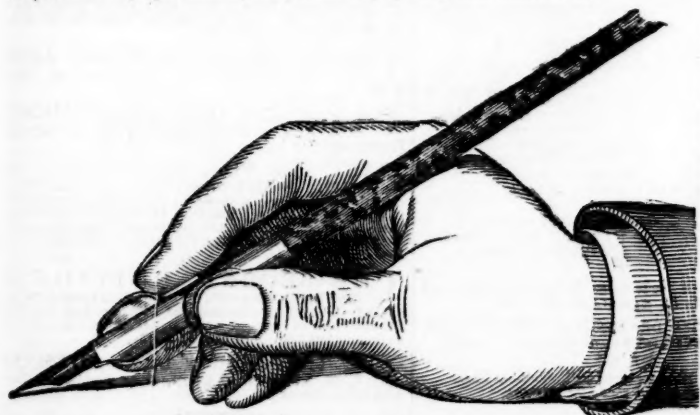
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